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THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY

EDITED BY
FITZROY CARRINGTON, M.A.

CONTENTS

THE DREVETS AND THEIR MODELS

BY LOUIS R. METCALFE

JACOB RUYSDAEL

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

DRAWINGS FOR CHILDREN BY THE OLD MASTERS

BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

FREDERICK SANDYS

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

TWO UNPUBLISHED WHISTLERS

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON

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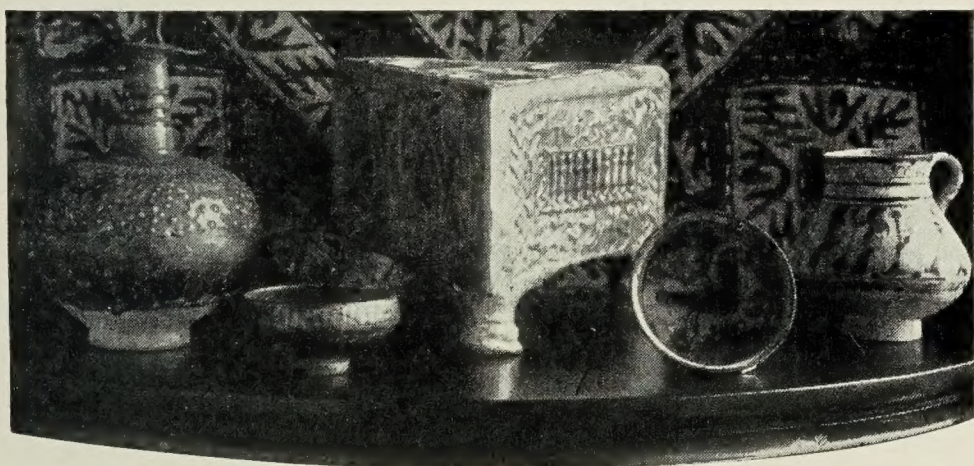
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CONTENTS

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EDITED BY
FITZROY CARRINGTON, M.A.

CURATOR OF PRINTS AT THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON
LECTURER ON THE HISTORY AND PRINCIPLES OF
ENGRAVING AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

APRIL, 1917

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CONTENTS

PAGE

The Drevets and their Models 107

BY LOUIS R. METCALFE

The Etchings of Jacob Ruysdael 153

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

Drawings for Children by the Old Masters 175

BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

Frederick Sandys 201

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

Two Unpublished Whistlers 217

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PIERRE DREVET. Louis XIV	106
Hyacinthe Rigaud	111
René-François de Beauvau du Rivau	115
Philippe de Courcillon, marquis de Dangeau	117
Robert de Cotte	119
Claude-Louis-Hector, duc de Villars	121
André-Hercule, Cardinal de Fleury	125
Louis de France, le Grand Dauphin	129
Louis de France, duc de Bourgogne	131
Louis-Alexandre de Bourbon, comte de Toulouse	133
Louis-Auguste de Bourbon, duc du Maine	135
Philip V	137
 PIERRE-IMBERT DREVET. Fénelon	 139
Samuel Bernard	141
Guillaume, Cardinal Dubois	143
Élisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière, duchesse d'Orléans	145
Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet	147
Adrienne Lecouvreur	149
 CLAUDE DREVET. Philippe-Louis, comte de Zinzendorf	 151
 JACOB RUYSDAEL. The Wheatfield	 157
The Little Bridge	159
The Three Oaks	163
Two Peasants and their Dog	165
Drawing for <i>The Travellers</i>	168

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
JACOB RUYSDAEL. The Travellers	169
Landscape with Thatched Cottage and Pig-Pen . . .	171
RAPHAEL. Madonna and Child with St. John	177
ALBRECHT DÜRER. Young Hare	179
The Madonna with the Animals	181
REMBRANDT. Young Elephant	183
ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE. Players at Ninepins	185
PETRUS PAULUS RUBENS. Rubens' Son Nicolas	187
NICOLAS COCHIN II. The Happy Mother	189
FRANÇOIS BOUCHER. The Schoolmistress	191
JEAN SIMÉON CHARDIN. The Letter	193
JEAN-BAPTISTE HUET. Shepherd's Children	195
JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE. Head of a Child	197
Young Musician	198
FREDERICK SANDYS. Illustration to "Harald Harfage" . .	200
Jacob Hears the Voice of the Lord	203
Illustration to "Cleopatra"	205
The Little Mourner	207
Studies for "Amor Mundi"	209
Illustration to "The Death of King Warwolf" . . .	211
Illustration to "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards" .	213
The Nightmare	215
WHISTLER. Title to the French Set	218
Thomas Way. No. 3	219

The Drevets and their Models



PIERRE DREVET. LOUIS XIV

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $26\frac{7}{8} \times 20\frac{1}{4}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

THE DREVETS AND THEIR MODELS

By LOUIS R. METCALFE

Author of "Robert Nanteuil," "Jean Morin," "A Prince of Print-Collectors: Michel de Marolles, Abbé de Villeloin," "The Etchings of Antonio Canale, called Canaletto," "Willem Jacobsz. Delft and his Father-in-Law," "The Memoirs and Journal of Jean-Georges Wille," "Claude Mellan."

I



NO one who has ever taken a good look at the portraits of the Drevets will fail to understand why they occupy such an important place in the history of engraving. They are so much more lively, and they have so much more richness of tone and decorative value than those of the earlier masters that they make an immediate appeal. Their delicacy and great smoothness of finish, the crispness of their drawing, and the dexterity with which every variety of texture is expressed make them the most effective plates ever produced. When, moreover, we realize with what success the engraver has translated richly coloured paintings into black and white, we cannot help declaring that he has here reached the limits of his art, that his work must represent the last word on the subject.

Celebrated the Drevets have been from the start, and their portraits have retained their popularity to this day. When have they appeared at an auction sale without making something of a stir? Three things will always endear them to the collector: their refinement, their decorativeness and their historical interest. In point of

style, however, they stand in such utter contrast to all previous work that the matter calls for some investigation. Here we have composition of unheard-of complexity. Why did these engravers impose on themselves a task of such magnitude? Why were they possessed of such ambitious ideals? It is when we compare them with the preceding masters that we realize what a gulf lies between them. Then we shall understand that French Portraiture is divided into two great periods, the seventeenth century, or the period of Louis XIV, and the eighteenth or that of Louis XV. At the same time it will be clear how slavishly the engravers of the day followed the style of the painters, and how dominant was the influence, each in his own period, of Philippe de Champaigne and Hyacinthe Rigaud.

What made these two periods so different was the sweeping change of fashion which took place about the end of the seventeenth century.

Before that time fashion demanded that the portrait should have the austerity of a sermon at Port Royal. Correctness of drawing and extreme simplicity was the inflexible rule; to express the character and personality of the sitter and nothing more was the sole aim of the painter. This style is best exemplified by the canvases of Philippe de Champaigne, than which nothing could be more sincere and dignified. The engravers of the time could attempt nothing less serious: they accordingly showed in their portraits a head and shoulders in a plain oval. The costume was of the greatest simplicity and there was nothing to relieve the perfectly bare background; it was portraiture pure and simple, and it produced living documents, like the admirable heads of Nanteuil.

But by the end of the century the Court of Louis XIV had reached an undreamt-of state of magnificence; and fashion lost its simplicity. Portraits in the style of Champaigne were looked upon as plebeian in their plainness; mere depiction of character no longer sufficed. If the artist could secure a resemblance, so much the better, but the principal thing was to make a record of the importance which his model had reached in the world of his day. Everyone who could afford to be painted, accordingly insisted on being represented in a formal attitude, arrayed in his most gorgeous raiment, and decorated with the insignia of all the honours he had had bestowed on him by a generous monarch. He was bound to reflect some of the brilliance of that most magnificent of earthly courts of which he considered himself a part, and he welcomed the introduction of any accessory which could add to the impressiveness of his portrait.

It was at this time that Rigaud and Largillière, who had been reared in the shadow of Rubens and Van Dyck, began their career. They found that everything in the fashion of the day called for pomp and circumstance, that there was a general demand for richness of effect. They accordingly set out to make of their portraits large panels of decoration. The model was clothed in velvet, brocade and lace, or in rich armour, behind him hung a mass of velvet curtains, and grouped around him was everything which could explain his character or enhance his importance.

Of the two it was Rigaud who carried off the palm for effectiveness. His compositions often savoured of theatricality, but as a rule they were cleverly designed apotheoses of his models' worldly position. He painted men mostly, the women he left to Largillière. "I cannot

handle them," said he. "If I do not flatter them they will never think that I do them justice, and if I do flatter them I can't secure a resemblance." He painted over two hundred portraits and it is safe to assert that they all found favour with their owners. For painting four generations of the royal family he was knighted. Having created the *portrait d'apparat*, he became the official painter of French grandeur and French vanity, and his studio became the rendezvous of the Court. But a painter of character he was not; his conception of his model was too often artificial, his drawing was as a rule too conventional to enable him to secure a convincing likeness; and besides, in the general ensemble of his composition the head counted but little.

It was when, already well launched on his career, Rigaud met Pierre Drevet, that he found the surest way to popularity. The latter had been born at Loire in 1663, and had received his earliest training from Gerard Audran. Rigaud found him full of talent, and lost no time in commissioning him to engrave his portraits. There then began a lifelong friendship and an artistic association which even the art of the Netherlands cannot duplicate. Rigaud had Drevet perfect his drawing and trained him to translate his own canvases with that vitality of which we now have so many examples. He directed the composition of all the plates in which the full-length portrait was to be cut down, and often designed the frames himself, as well as the accessories which decorated them. In one case he made the entire drawing for a plate: it was for Pierre-Imbert's portrait of Bossuet. This beautiful drawing was bought by Wille at the Rigaud Sale in 1762. "My purchase was keenly contested," says the engraver in his Journal, "I have been



HYACINTHE RIGAUD

Portrait of the artist

PIERRE DREVET. HYACINTHE RIGAUD

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $17\frac{3}{4} \times 13\frac{1}{8}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

offered 300 livres for it, but I would not take double that sum because of the pleasure which it gives me." Rigaud was constantly behind Drevet altering the costume or changing the attitude of the model whenever he thought it necessary for the better composition of the plate. The result was that he trained him to work in such complete sympathy with his views, that Drevet became the "almost perfect reflection in black and white" of his art. The two artists worked as one, and their names became linked for all time. Drevet engraved eleven plates after de Troy and nine after Largillière, but his most important work is to be found among the forty-one portraits he engraved after Rigaud.

He had an assistant of so much ability that their work has often been confounded; it was his son Pierre-Imbert, born in 1697. From the first he showed precocious talent. At the age of thirteen, entirely unassisted, he engraved an unusually good portrait, and later published nine plates under his father's name. Mariette tells us that he received from his father daily lessons not only in skill but in unwearying patience and conscientious devotion to his exacting art. At twenty-six, he produced his portrait of Bossuet, which created a sensation, and which will ever be something to marvel at. But shortly afterwards his mind gave way. During a fête at Versailles he remained so long bare-headed that he suffered a sun-stroke. For nine years, until he died in 1739, his life was almost blank. At Loire he would often have himself rowed out to the middle of the Rhone. There with a glass he drank water dipped from the midstream believing that it would bring him back to life.

Another assistant and pupil was Pierre Drevet's nephew Claude, born in 1705. Little is known of the life of these three industrious artists besides the honours they received from the King. Pierre Drevet was appointed *graveur du roi* in 1696, made *agr  * to the Academy in 1703, was received four years later, and in 1726 both he and his son received a *logement* in the Louvre. In 1738 he died, one year before his son. Claude Drevet was then appointed to his uncle's position and lodged in his apartment.

The work of the Drevets is their imperishable monument; it founded a school which lasted until the Revolution, and it influenced the engravers of all other countries. It has been carefully catalogued by that eminent authority and collector, Ambroise Firmin-Didot, who, in his preface, declared that of all their predecessors he recognized only Nanteuil, Masson and Edelinck as having been their equals or their superiors. This appreciation is not very subtle. If the best work of Edelinck resembles that of the Drevets, there can be no comparison between them and Nanteuil. The master from Rheims was the *portraitiste par excellence*; the Drevets take the palm only for their cleverness as reproductive engravers. Their chief merit lies in the intelligence with which they caught the spirit of the time, and in the brilliance with which they were able to reproduce the exacting canvases of Rigaud. They could do this only by infusing variety and elasticity into their technique and by refining it to the last degree. It enabled them to handle the graver with as much freedom as a brush, and to give their work an harmonious elegance which cannot be surpassed. Firmin-Didot is right when he says of the burin of Pierre-Imbert: "Il poss  de une

douceur et une suavité qui charment l'œil d'une façon inexprimable."

These prints are treats for the eye, but they also possess considerable historic interest, for the models of the Drevets furnish a well-nigh complete illustration for that extraordinary record of their time, the "Memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon."

II

The list of one hundred and fourteen portraits which one finds in Ambroise Firmin-Didot's catalogue of the work of Pierre Drevet reveals a formidable array of celebrities. It is evident that the premier engraver of his day was well-nigh bombarded with commissions, and that the principal painters of France entrusted him with the reproduction of their most important canvases. It is also evident which of these artists was his chief patron, counsellor and friend, for as many as forty-one of these plates are engraved after Rigaud.

Among Drevet's models we find such distinguished foreigners as two kings of Sweden, the *Princess Ulrica Eleonora*, daughter of one of them, the *King of Poland*, the *Elector of Hanover*, the *Margrave of Brandenburg*, the *Duke of Lorraine* and several ambassadors. Furthermore there are a few notable Englishmen like *Oliver Cromwell*, *Thomas Fairfax*, the *Earl of Halifax* and *King James II.*

But the portrait of none of these worthies excites so much interest as that of James' illegitimate son, the *Duke of Berwick*. His career was one of incredible success. At the age of twenty-two he was made lieutenant-general without having passed through any previous



René François de Beauvau-

PIERRE DREVET. RENÉ-FRANÇOIS DE BEAUVAU DU RIVAU

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $16\frac{1}{2} \times 13$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

rank. At thirty-three he was a general and commander-in-chief of the French army in Spain. One year later he was made grandee of Spain and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. At thirty-six he was a Marshal, Duke and Peer of France. "This," said St. Simon, "was making a rapid progress with a vengeance under a King who regarded people of thirty-odd as children, but who thought no more of the ages of bastards than of those of the gods."

Among the Frenchmen are to be found some of the greatest personages of the Court, as well as the entire royal family. There is a spirited little portrait of *La Bruyère*, whose famous "Caractères" were such a biting satire of the foibles of his contemporaries. He had inspired himself from Theophrastus, but he went immeasurably further than his model. Much of the success of his work was due to the general curiosity of his readers. There was a mania for discovering the originals of the curious types he so artfully described, and an insistence on finding hidden meanings where none existed. The verses at the bottom of *La Bruyère's* portrait fittingly describe the effect of his book: —

"Tout esprit orgueilleux qui s'aime
Par mes leçons se voit guéri,
Et dans mon livre si chéri
Apprend à se haïr soy même."

The *Marquis de Dangeau* looks like a power at Court. He certainly was one, having proved a success in everything which he undertook. He began by being a champion at cards, one evening beating the King at the difficult game of *reversi* then in vogue, and all the while writing a sonnet of a hundred lines which was not without merit. He was eventually made colonel of the royal bodyguard and aide-de-camp to the King. With



Philippe de Courcillon  *Marquis de Dangeau*
Comte de la Roche-Aymon, de la Roche-Aymon, de la Roche-Aymon, de la Roche-Aymon

PIERRE DREVET. PHILIPPE DE COURCILLON, MARQUIS DE DANGEAU

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $13\frac{1}{8} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

similar good fortune he was elected to the French Academy, although he had never written a book. It was afterwards found, however, that for thirty-six years he had kept a Journal, and that if not the peer of St. Simon as a painter of character, he had been a fairer judge of the events which he described.

The portrait of *Robert de Cotte*, the pupil of Mansart, and also his successor as royal architect-in-chief is one of the beautiful achievements of French engraving; for that reason it has always been one of the best-known works of Drevet. It has an especially happy composition, and great richness of tone; it is very effective in spite of its exquisite delicacy and it possesses beautiful decorative qualities. As an example of reproductive engraving there is nothing more successful than this plate which so many connoisseurs have pronounced to be "le plus joli portrait du XVIII^e Siècle." About as much can be said of the *Cardinal de Beauvau*, a plate of extraordinary refinement and subtlety. Its line-work is so close that it looks as if it were painted with a brush; it is a *tour-de-force* in the expression of ermine, rich lace, silk, velvet, gilt carving and all the accessories which contribute to make the compositions of this school superlatively decorative.

But here is a more serious personage, probably the most serious of the century. It is *Monsieur de Rancé*, to whom his godfather Cardinal Richelieu presented the abbey of la Trappe. The gift was appreciated, but his new responsibility did not prevent him from leading the existence of a *gai mousquetaire* whenever he visited Paris. There he fell in love with that famous intriguer of the days of the Fronde, Madame de Montbazon, and so deeply in love that when that arch-coquette



Robert
Charles de Cotte, Architecte, surintendant
des Bâtimens, du Palais National, &c.
Surintendant des Bâtimens, & Vice-protecteur de



de Cotte
Architecte, surintendant
des Bâtimens, du Palais National, &c.
Architecte, surintendant

PIERRE DREVET. ROBERT DE COTTE
 After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud
 Size of the original engraving, $15\frac{3}{8} \times 11\frac{1}{4}$ inches
 In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

spurned his attentions, he buried himself in his abbey and later put the Trappists through such reforms that the order became the most austere in existence. Its members were condemned to perpetual silence. Monsieur de Rancé died in 1700, after a life "sublimely holy." The King eulogized him in public and set him up as an example to his children, legitimate and otherwise. The Church wept for him, and, strange to relate, the world actually did him justice.

The name of the *Duc de Villars* recalls a dashing general and the most brilliant campaigns of Louis XIV, but who can see it without thinking of the wonderful luck which enabled him to save France at Denain?

France was bled white at the end of the War of the Spanish Succession. Poverty-stricken and demoralized, she had a vision of more disasters than she had known of glory. France was on her knees ready to grant anything provided the fighting ceased. Nine years of victory had brought the enemy to the gates of Paris, the Court was about to move to Chambord; in other words, the world was standing on its head. Then the miracle took place. Not knowing what else to do Villars was besieging Landrecies, ignorant of the fact that his enemy, Prince Eugene, had made a great tactical blunder. He had left too great a distance between his camp, the town of Marchienne where all his supplies were stored, and Denain, where General Albemarle was on guard. That this gave the French army a chance to strike an Olympic blow occurred to no one but a little curé and a councillor of Douai who one evening happened to be taking a stroll in that neighborhood. They immediately notified the French Commander. Villars made a feint, attacked Denain, destroyed seventeen battalions of the enemy,

captured Albemarle, four German princes, and all the stores and ammunition of Prince Eugene before the latter could prevent him. France was saved, but Villars was not acclaimed as the saviour of his country. The victim of so many cabals won only a fair measure of popularity. He afterwards said to Prince Eugene when he met him at the peace conference: "You and I are not enemies, Sir; yours are in Vienna, mine are at Versailles." It was ever thus with commanders-in-chief.

The *Cardinal de Bouillon*, whose portrait Drevet engraved in 1696, is the same nephew of Turenne of whose appearance Nanteuil has left such a striking record; the same cross-eyed almoner of the King whose disgrace created such a scandal at the French Court.

It all happened because the beautiful Madame de Soubise had ambitions for one of her illegitimate sons. In spite of the indignation of the Germans she had succeeded in making him Canon of Strasbourg, but when it came to having him made archbishop she found a great obstacle in the abbé d'Auvergne, nephew of the Cardinal de Bouillon. The abbé de Soubise was handsome, gentle, very clever, extremely popular, and, it was whispered, the son of the King; his rival was stupid, ridiculously vain, and what is more, a degenerate. It was beyond doubt an unequal contest. The Cardinal was at Rome, moving heaven and earth in fraudulent attempts to procure his nephew the cardinalate; when he heard of Madame de Soubise's complete success in enlisting the help of the King, he flew into a fury. When he received the order to ask the Pope in the name of the King for a bull summoning the Chapter at Strasbourg to declare the eligibility of the abbé de Soubise, he became so blinded with rage that he attempted to parley

with his sovereign. When ordered to leave Rome, he wrote more letters; when the orders were repeated, he did all but actually refuse to leave. Then the French ambassador took down the arms of France from the door of his palace, tore the *cordons bleus* from his neck, confiscated all his estates, ordered him generally ostracized, and drove him from the city.

In his exile at Cluny he engaged in a monastic war, finally instituting a suit against the monks; when he lost it, it was the drop that made the cup overflow. He threw himself into the arms of Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, and announced his defection to the King in a letter which St. Simon described as “a monstrous production of insolence, madness and folly, a document written in a style extravagant, confused and full of absurdities.” To the surprise of every one the King allowed himself to be horribly piqued; he later made a fool of himself by madly requesting the Pope to impeach one of his cardinals. The Cardinal de Bouillon replied by officiating at a *Te Deum* for the taking of Douai (by the enemy). This entertaining duel between a cardinal duke insanely full of his own importance, and the most “divinely dignified” of kings was ended only by the death of the latter.

The stately portrait of *André-Hercule, Cardinal de Fleury*, recalls one of the most brilliant pages of the leading “Mémoires” of the century. The dying monarch had named his old friend the Maréchal de Villeroi *gouverneur*, and Fleury, who was then a humble Bishop of Fréjus, *precepteur* of the little Louis XV. The wily Dubois was waiting for a chance to put Villeroi out of his path to the Prime Ministry, when the latter one day called on him and created a scene of unparalleled vio-

lence in which he poured forth all the most extravagant insults which contempt could suggest. On entering the Regent's antechamber on the following day, the magnificent Maréchal was suddenly deprived of his sword, rushed through a side door, and sputtering with impotent rage driven off under the escort of twenty *mousquetaires* led by Monsieur d'Artagnan, the very son of the hero dear to Dumas who many years before had driven off in a similar way the great Surintendant Fouquet!

But Villeroi had persuaded the little King that he alone, by constant vigilance, had preserved him from the poison that others had been trying to administer to him. Furthermore he had made a pact with Fleury, who owed his post entirely to him, by which, if he should ever fall into disgrace, he (Fleury) bound himself to disappear and never return. Disappear Fleury did as soon as the Maréchal was driven away, but it was not long before messengers were sent after him in all directions. The unexpected had happened. On finding himself suddenly deprived of both his friends and protectors, the little King had flown into the most violent despair. It was a night of confusion! The King wept continuously, cried for Fleury and could not be pacified; the Court was in consternation, Dubois was at his wits' end, and the Regent with loud curses clamored incessantly for the preceptor. On the following morning, however, Fleury was discovered not far away. He reappeared serenely and with probably the same smile he wears in Drevet's engraving. He had a vision of the unique career that was in store for him.

Voltaire described it in a sentence. "S'il y a jamais eu quelqu'un d'heureux sur la terre, c'était sans doute



PIERRE DREVET. ANDRÉ-HERCULE, CARDINAL DE FLEURY

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $19\frac{5}{8} \times 13\frac{7}{8}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

le Cardinal Fleury," said he in his "Siècle de Louis XV," and he proceeds to eulogize the remarkable man who, "aimable et de la société la plus délicieuse," took up the reins of government at the advanced age of seventy-three and ruled the country with glorious success until his death at the age of ninety. Love of peace and justice, wisdom and economy characterized his acts, a record which was a striking contrast to the magnificence of Cardinal d'Amboise, the arrogant hypocrisy of Cardinal Ximenes, the royal pomp of Richelieu, and the prodigious extravagance of Mazarin.

That Pierre Drevet performed his duties as Engraver to the King with record-breaking thoroughness is evidenced by the fact that in the list of his models the Bourbon family is represented by Louis XIV, the Grand Dauphin, the Duc de Bourgogne, Louis XV, Philip V and Louis I of Spain; to these must be added the two illegitimate sons of the King, the Duc du Maine and the Comte de Toulouse, and also the son and daughter of the Regent. He has made the portraits of five generations! After such a record it seems unreasonable to be disappointed, but disappointed we are, at the absence in this royal group of the Regent himself, that brilliant individual who was destined to shipwreck on the rocks of debauchery.

The best known of these portraits is that of *Louis XIV*. It was engraved on an extra large plate at the express order of Louis himself, who jealously kept it in his cabinet. It was very successful in popularizing Rigaud's painting, the official record of the "incredible majesty" of *le roi Soleil*, throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Mariette said of this portrait, "It was engraved for his Most Christian Majesty and by his

order, and executed with a care and refinement of which few masters could have been capable. That artist was gifted with infinite patience; provided he reached his appointed goal, he little cared about the time it took him, or the repelling work which it necessitated." Nevertheless, while it is the most stately of the *portraits d'apparat* and a work of considerable merit, it is utterly lacking in human interest, and it is difficult to gaze at it without thinking of the way in which Thackeray satirized it in his "Paris Sketch Book"; it is impossible not to remember the three little caricatures, the first representing the clothes without the man, the second, the wizened figure leaning on a stick, and the third the combination of the two as it appeared on Rigaud's canvas.

"Indeed," says he, "the august figure of the man as he towers upon his throne cannot fail to inspire one with respect and awe; — how grand those flowing locks appear, how awful that sceptre, how magnificent those flowing robes! In Louis surely, if in any one, the majesty of kingship is represented! But a king is not every inch a king, for all the poet may say; and it is curious to see how much precise majesty there is in that majestic figure of Ludovicus Rex. In the plate opposite we have endeavoured to make the exact calculation. The idea of kingly dignity is equally strong in the two outer figures, and you see at once that majesty is made out of the wig, the high-heeled shoes, and cloak all fleur-de-lys bespangled. As for the little lean, shrivelled, paunchy old man of five feet two, in a jacket and breeches, there is no majesty in *him* at any rate; yet he has just stepped out of that very suit of clothes! Put the wig and shoes on him and he is six feet high, the other fripperies, and he stands before you, majestic, imperial, heroic!"

It is interesting to compare the portraits of the King made at this period with the splendidly vital delineations made more than a generation before by Nanteuil. The narrow expressionless eyes, the long Bourbon nose and the selfish lips are more than ever marked, and the long life of self-indulgence has intensified the bored and contemptuous expression. Eventually he must have looked exactly like the repulsive coloured-wax portrait that even now hangs near his bedstead at Versailles, the image of ignorance, vanity and the quintessence of egotism.

It is very easy to find out what *Monseigneur le Dauphin* looked like. There are many portraits of him, and St. Simon says that they are all excellent likenesses. Drevet's is very convincing, and so is Van Schuppen's; as to the life-size portrait which Nanteuil made when the Dauphin was six years old, it reproduced with admirable truth the languid pop eyes, Roman nose and puffy cheeks all framed in a mass of blond curls. This magnificently negative personage has been admirably described by St. Simon: —

“Monseigneur was rather tall than short; very fat, but without being bloated; with a very lofty and noble aspect, without any harshness . . . He was of a beautiful fair complexion: he had a face covered with a healthy red, but without expression, the most beautiful legs in the world, and feet singularly small and delicate. He wavered always in walking and felt his way with his feet; he was afraid of falling, and if the path was not perfectly even and straight he called for assistance. . . . As for his character he had none; he was without enlightenment or knowledge of any kind, very idle, without discernment, without taste, wholly absorbed in his fat



PIERRE DREVET. LOUIS DE FRANCE, LE GRAND DAUPHIN

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $18\frac{1}{8} \times 13\frac{3}{8}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

and his ignorance. According to his own admission, ever since he had been released by his teachers, he had never read anything except the articles in the 'Gazette de France' in which deaths and marriages are recorded." And it was in this superlative nonentity that for half a century were centered the hopes of France!

The portrait of the *Duc de Bourgogne* makes a very charming picture. It is an unusually sober composition for an engraving of this period, with its three-quarters figure in a simple oval frame; yet, in spite of its simplicity it is somewhat lacking in repose. Why is such a gentle effeminate-looking youth shown in full armour? and why does the activity suggested by his attitude appear so unconvincing? This portrait gives much of a clue to the story of the grandson and heir apparent of Louis XIV. Altogether he was a lovable and pathetic character. He turned out to be a general disappointment, because, with his gentleness, his lack of ambition and his goodness of heart, he was so different from all those around him. And then his life was a continual struggle with his illegitimate brothers and sisters who, outrageously spoiled by the King, liked nothing better than to offend the Princes of the Blood. He was forced into a uniform and given the command of an army, but it was not long before he had to return to Court in broken health, and under suspicion of having on a certain occasion acted with rather cowardly indecision: the King, of course, did not conceal his mortification. The brightest spot of his life was his marriage to the daughter of the Duke of Savoy. She was the life of the Court with her daring and her vivacity, the solitary ray of sunshine in that depressing picture, and she brought many a smile to her husband's lips. It was the saddest inci-



PIERRE DREVET. LOUIS DE FRANCE, DUC DE BOURGOGNE

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $18\frac{1}{4} \times 14\frac{3}{4}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

dent in the King's seventy-two years' reign, when this little pair was carried away by an infectious disease. After that it seemed as if the Court would crumble into dust.

This spirited warrior in full armour represented in the act of ordering a charge is the *Comte de Toulouse*, the second son of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan, and the most virile of all the King's offspring. He was made a full admiral at the age of five. When twelve years old he accompanied his father through the war against Holland, and actually exposed himself enough to be wounded at the Siege of Namur. In 1702 he commanded the fleet which helped Philip V assert his rights in Sicily, and at the battle of Malaga two years later sank many ships of the British fleet. St. Simon, who was not given to flattery, described him as having won all hearts with his gentle and affable manners, his liberality and his love of justice.

The *Duc du Maine*, his elder brother, cuts a sorry figure in the famous "Mémoires" from which there have been several quotations in this article, but then St. Simon's prejudices were the weak spot of his character. He was much more of a personage than one would imagine from reading those brilliant pages in which the defeat of the illegitimate children of the King at the hands of the Regent and the Peers of the realm is described.

The second child of the King and Madame de Montespan was born before his mother's divorce had been decreed: that was why he was bundled up so hurriedly and very stealthily carried by Lauzun to the residence of Madame de Maintenon. La Fontaine referred to him constantly as the Son of Jupiter. He was born club-



PIERRE DREVET. LOUIS-ALEXANDRE DE BOURBON, COMTE DE TOULOUSE
 After the painting by François de Troye
 Size of the original engraving, 20 × 15¾ inches
 In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

footed, but that did not prevent him from taking part in a campaign and having two horses killed under him. Madame de Staël seemed to have a high opinion of his “cultivated mind” and “noble and sericus character.” Louis XIV had said of his illegitimate offspring: “Ces gens là ne devraient jamais se marier”; but the Duke married, and thereby got into trouble, for his wife was given to intrigue, and it necessitated much intriguing to preserve the illegitimate princes in all their prerogatives after the old King had gone. His body had not yet become cold before the Duke of Orleans attacked them with might and main, with the result that the royal decree by which they had been given a rank between the Peers and the Princes of the Blood was annulled. It was an awful blow to their prestige, but the Duc du Maine became the principal sufferer, for his right to the throne was taken away from him, and also his post as guardian of the education of the young King Louis XV. When in revenge for such an outrageous persecution his wife conspired with the Spanish Ambassador Cellamare to overthrow the Regent, she was caught, and for many a year separated from her husband. That brought a halt to her extravagant fêtes at her Château of Sceaux, her insane squandering of her husband’s fortune in the wild amusements of her friends, the members of the secret order of the *Mouche à Miel*.

When the timid Duc d’Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, was called to the throne of Spain, in his seventeenth year, illuminations and fireworks were ordered, Versailles bowed low before the new King, Rigaud painted his portrait, and Pierre Drevet engraved it. All France again declared, “Il n’y a plus de Pyrénées,” and when the young Philip V marched into Madrid,



PIERRE DREVET. LOUIS-AUGUSTE DE BOURBON, DUC DU MAINE

After the painting by François de Troye

Size of the original engraving, $18\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{3}{4}$ inches

In the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University

there were fervent wishes for his happiness. But there was nothing but trouble in store for him; everything seemed to thwart his purpose to lead a quiet and a useful life. He adored his little wife from Savoy, but Death claimed her as his own; his health gave way and he developed melancholia; what he had of will power weakened and he became the tool of the most daring intriguers of the time. In spite of his love for peace he was forced into two long wars, and nearly had to fight France. Finally he found his crown too heavy, and became more and more misanthropic. He abdicated and went into a retreat, but even this did not bring him relief, for his son died soon after, and Philip was forced to take up the crown again. This time he kept it until his death.

That he possessed a high sense of dignity and justice is evidenced by the following story. Considering that some frontier guards had not treated him with all the respect due to his rank, a young nobleman had lost his temper and killed one of them. On hearing of this the King turned to the Duke of Medina-Sidonia and asked him what punishment he thought the offender deserved. "Imprisonment for life and obligation to provide for the victim's family," was the answer of the premier grandee of Spain. "You have spoken like a king," rejoined Philip, "I shall speak like a father. The culprit is your own son and heir. Lock him up in your own castle; I shall look after the fatherless myself."

III

There are twenty-three portraits which Ambroise Firmin-Didot recognizes as the work of Pierre-Imbert Drevet. The models for most of them were rather ob-



PIERRE DREVET. PHILIP V

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $20\frac{3}{4} \times 14\frac{1}{2}$ inches

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scure characters, but some of them were personages of such importance at the beginning of the eighteenth century that to make especial mention of them is both a duty and a pleasure.

Fénelon, the wise author of “*Telemachus*,” is here shown in a charming portrait with an inscription which vividly recalls all he accomplished “*ad usum Delphini*.”

Princes que le Ciel a fait naître
Pour nous donner des justes loix
Choisissez ce Mentor pour Maître,
Il scait l'art de former les Rois.

He is in the company of two young women to both of whom, as it turned out, life showed its serious side. One, *Marie-Clémentine Sobieska*, granddaughter of John III, King of Poland, became the wife of the First Pretender. The other, *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, daughter of the Regent, was driven into a life of seclusion by the atmosphere of debauchery in which she lived, and died abbess of Chelles.

The portrait of *Samuel Bernard* is engraved on an extra large plate: he is furthermore shown in such a regal setting that he might easily be mistaken for the King in the act of ordering a new château. For once, however, we shall not tax a *portrait d'apparat* with exaggerated importance, for here we have one of the great powers of the time, the possessor of sixty millions in the currency of the day, the richest banker in Europe. He enjoyed enormous consideration throughout Europe, patronized the arts extensively, and married his children into the proudest families of France. Twice he saved the finances of his country by lending huge sums to Louis XIV and Louis XV. On the first occasion the Treasury was empty and Desmarets the minister did not



PIERRE-IMBERT DREVET. FÉNELON

After the painting by Joseph Vivien

Size of the original engraving, $9\frac{5}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

know where to turn: but he told the King that although Bernard, their only hope, seemed unshakable, he might be won over by flattery. It was then arranged that, as they were working in a pavilion at Marly, the King should apparently by chance interrupt them and invite the banker to take a stroll through the new garden. The success of the trick was complete. The banker returned from his walk in such an ecstasy of delight that between pæons of praises of his Majesty he declared that he preferred to ruin himself rather than leave in embarrassment a Prince who had treated him so graciously. The Minister was thus able to secure from him far greater sums than he had thought possible.

Here is *Cardinal Dubois*, to whom, when he was abbé, had been confided the education of the future Regent of France. After having been reared in the shade of such a tree it is not surprising that the Duke of Orleans' name should have been synonymous with weakness and debauchery. That vitriolic page in which St. Simon describes the abbé's character has become classic; it must here be given word for word. "The abbé Dubois," writes the chief historian of that time, "was a little pitiful, wizened, herring-gutted man in a flaxen wig, with a weazel's face brightened by some intellect; in familiar terms he was a regular scamp. All the vices unceasingly fought within him for supremacy, so that a continual uproar filled his mind. Avarice, debauchery, ambition were his gods; perfidy and flattery his means of action: complete impiety was his repose, and he held the opinion as a great principle that probity and honesty were chimeras with which people deck themselves, but which have no existence. . . . Wicked besides, without reflection both by nature and by argument, treacherous and un-



Samuel
Chevalier de l'Ordre de St.



Bernard
Michel, Comte de Coubert

PIERRE-IMBERT DREVET. SAMUEL BERNARD

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, 22 $\frac{1}{8}$ X 16 inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

grateful, expert in the blackest villainies, terribly brazen when detected. It was known afterwards, when he no longer could restrain himself, to what an extent he was selfish, debauched, inconsistent, ignorant of everything, passionate, headstrong, blasphemous, and mad, and to what extent he publicly despised his Master, the State and all the world, never hesitating to sacrifice everybody and everything to his credit, his power, his absolute authority, his greatness, his avarice, his fears and his vengeance."

It is with relief that we turn to the little portrait of a jovial lady whose face is framed in snow-white curls. It represents *Élisabeth-Charlotte de Bavière*, who as Duchesse d'Orléans had the distinction to be the most human person in the entourage of Louis XIV.

She arrived in France, a red-cheeked, jovial girl of nineteen, with a frank and sincere nature and plenty of common sense. At Versailles she found herself like a fish out of water. "I am the political lamb that is going to be sacrificed for his country's good," said she, fully realizing to what considerations of national safety she owed her transplanting, and she took her revenge by remaining absolutely independent of the artificial world around her. She took no pains to ingratiate herself with the flattering nobility, and refused to stoop to coquetry. "It is too late to change my character," she declared, "its mould is already cast" and she paraded her preferences for things German so openly that she was forever drawing smiles. After a sojourn of forty-three years in France she found it impossible to enjoy coffee, tea or chocolate, but "a dish of sausages and sauerkraut was fit for a king!"

Of all the women who led such an artificial and un-



Guillaume Cardinal Dubois Archevesque
Evêque de Cambrai & Evêque de Paris

PIERRE-IMBERT DREVET. GUILLAUME, CARDINAL DUBOIS

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $16\frac{5}{8} \times 13\frac{1}{8}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

hygienic existence, gossiping in their everlasting salons, she alone was passionately fond of nature, fresh air and exercise. When she had an ailment, she would close her door to all physicians, and cure herself by a ten-mile tramp through the woods. In the midst of a court famous for its empty pastimes, its gambling and its gluttony, she found her greatest solace in her library, the society of a few healthy minds, and, above all, in her many years' correspondence with her aunt, the wife of the Elector of Hanover. Everywhere she preached the duty of being happy, and of at least preserving a cheerful and hopeful exterior. "*La joie est très bonne en elle-même,*" she would say, "*ce qui est sot, est d'être triste,*" and with her next sally she would make every one around her laugh, beginning with the King.

It seems hard to believe that it was this apostle of cheerfulness, this unusually healthy woman, who was married to that paragon of inane effeminacy, that powdered and rouged degenerate, that useless manikin, Philip, only brother of the King. A more complete physical and moral misalliance cannot be imagined. She looked with constant wonder on his artificiality and his vices, secretly hoping that a miracle would some day transform him. But instead of that there appeared an only son who later, as Regent, broke all records for wild bacchanalian excesses, and a granddaughter whose life was one long scandal. And to crown all there came the war of the Palatinate, the sacking of her favourite villages, the burning of her beloved Heidelberg, the desolation of her home. Her sufferings must have been indescribable; her life had to all appearances been wasted, her long sacrifice had been in vain.

"*L'on ne peut desirer rien de plus accompli que cette*



PIERRE-IMBERT DREVET. ÉLISABETH-CHARLOTTE DE BAVIÈRE, DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, $3\frac{3}{8} \times 5$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

estampe," said the great connoisseur Mariette of Pierre-Imbert's portrait of *Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet*, and the statement is true to the letter. We have yet to see something more admirable in the world of prints: it is undoubtedly the masterpiece of French engraving. In our appreciation we must first bow low before the art of Rigaud who has here surpassed himself for dignity in composition. Then we must perforce pile the laurels on this young engraver of twenty-six who, labouring patiently by his father's side, and on the eve of becoming partially insane, succeeded in astonishing the world with such a beautiful translation of a painting into black and white. It was a difficult problem and solved with amazing perfection: a fitting apotheosis of the century's greatest orator.

Such a picture of moral majesty must he have looked, *l'aigle de Meaux*, when, clothed in ermine and rich fabrics, flanked by the columns of the temple, he fearlessly faced the Grand Monarch and his entire Court, and flayed them all for their selfishness and their vanity. Eagle-eyed indeed was he in espying their faults, and they trembled before him. It was an ovation that greeted him each time that his voice had pealed forth like an organ his now classic eulogies on the great personages France had lost, the Queens of France and England, Le Tellier, the Princess Palatine and the great Condé. But he achieved the impossible, and tasted the joy of supreme triumph, when during his Funeral Oration of Henrietta of England he made the entire Court burst into sobs. What a historic pause when he himself was overcome with emotion after evoking the tragic picture of her untimely death with the words, now so famous: "O disastrous, O fearful night! when there



JACOBUS BENIGNUS

BOSSUET EPISCOPUS

PIERRE-IMBERT DREVET. JACQUES-BÉNIGNE BOSSUET

After the painting by Hyacinthe Rigaud

Size of the original engraving, 18 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 13 inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

rang out like a peal of thunder the cry: 'Madame is dying! Madame is dead!'"

And finally I come to Pierre-Imbert's famous portrait of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, which represents her as Cornelia bearing the ashes of Pompey. I kept it for the last, not because it is a great work of art, for it has an excessive smoothness of finish and is withal rather sentimental in composition, — but because of its subject. She was one of the most exquisite figures in the annals of art and of romance.

Adrienne Lecouvreur reminds us that of all the artists it is the actor alone who cannot leave an enduring record of his art. An actress may move the entire world to tears, bring kings to her feet and have her name extolled to the skies; when she dies, the memory of her lives only in the hearts of those who have seen her act; in time she will become a myth. Her career then is like the perfume of a rose. This one is remembered only through an engraving and a play.

She was born in 1692 and first appeared on an improvised stage at the age of fifteen: she then attracted so many people that the police had to interrupt her performances. Ten years later she appeared again, this time at the Comédie Française, and it was a unanimous public which proclaimed her the greatest of all tragediennes. She had "begun where the greatest actresses ended," and by her passion for her art, her devotion to work and the height of her ideals set a new standard for the stage. Nothing like her had been seen before. In those days of cold and artificial acting she thrilled her audiences by returning to natural declamation, training her relatively small but melodious voice to express every gradation of sentiment, and throwing a world of feeling



PIERRE-IMBERT DREVET. ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR

After the painting by Charles Coypel

Size of the original engraving, 16 × 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

into her acting. Her personal charm was so extraordinary that she seemed to have come from a distant land where truth and beauty reigned supreme. She was the ideal tragedienne that every one had longed for, and strange to say, she was equally fine in comedy. She became the idol of both the powerful and the lowly, and the first actress on record who established a reputation both in society and on the stage.

As might be expected her adorers were legion, and her heart led her a tumultuous existence. But throughout it all she remained true to her ideals. The best proof of this is the sublime letter which she wrote to the proud mother of that young d'Argentan whose insane passion she tried so long to cure. It was when she met Maurice de Saxe, the greatest soldier of his day, the man who could bend an iron ring between thumb and finger — that she met her fate. From that moment she was dead to everything but him and her art. All her silverware and jewels she sold to help him make restitution to the duchy of Courland, and she died with his name on her lips. “Voilà mon univers, mon espoir et mes dieux!” she breathed as she looked on the picture of that “butterfly personage” who loved her no more.

It was after a performance in which she had surpassed herself that she was suddenly taken ill. Rumour had it that she had been poisoned by her rival the Duchesse de Bouillon. Legouv  took it as the basic theme of a play which bears her name, and in which he vividly portrayed the conflict between artistic genius backed by real feeling and the narrow conventions of a proud society. She died in her thirty-seventh year, in the arms of her friend Voltaire whom she had nursed through the smallpox. He made no effort to hide his poignant

grief. The curé of Saint Sulpice accepted the generous gift she left to the poor of his parish, but because she was on the stage he refused her benefit of clergy. He thereby drew a thunderbolt on the Church, for Voltaire condemned the act in a poem, "*La mort de Mademoiselle Lecouvreur*," which raised such a storm that the poet was forced to leave Paris. In it he made the greatest show of feeling of his life. It was the last tribute paid to an artist of rarest genius, and a woman of "immortal charm," and it was paid by the man who left his name to his century.

THE ETCHINGS OF JACOB RUYSDAEL

By WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

Author of "French Etchers of the Second Empire" and
"The Van de Veldes."

I



ONE of the most significant figures in the history of Dutch landscape etching in the seventeenth century, is Jacob Ruysdael — one of the most original also. Who his master was — if, indeed, he had a master — is unknown, and it is difficult to discover a close relation between him and any of the etchers who preceded him, or who were his contemporaries. Rembrandt's friend, Roelant Roghman, etched a few plates somewhat in Ruysdael's manner, notably the one entitled *In the Seunig Wood*; but, judging by the radically different character of by far the greater part of Roghman's work, that older artist would seem rather to have been affected by Ruysdael than to have exerted any serious influence upon him. Thus, in a sense, Ruysdael stands alone, a solitary figure in his art, as in his life. It is not too much to say that he broke completely with the tradition of the past, and inaugurated a wholly new era in the history of etching. This does not mean that there had not been a steady and continuous advance in the development of the art from the time of the van de Veldes. Pieter Molyn, Jan van Goyen, Swanevelt, Vlieger, Saftleven and his pupils, Jan van Aken and Jan Almeloveen, of the Rhine

school, and finally Allardt van Everdingen, had, in their turn, all carried forward the technique of etching, refining its methods and extending its resources, so that the accomplished little plates of the last-mentioned artist are a very different matter from the crude, primitive, but always sincere and often spirited productions of Jan and Esaias van de Velde. But the gulf between Everdingen and these pioneers is scarcely greater than that between him and Ruysdael. Everdingen's line still bears some relation to the tight, graver-like manner of the old school. Ruysdael's, on the contrary, is pure etched line, loosely flowing and free — the line of a man who approached the special problems of the copper-plate from the point of view of the painter, rather than of the engraver, and who invented, for his own purposes of expression, a method with the needle at once absolutely individual, and absolutely idiomatic.

II

Very little of Ruysdael's solitary and disappointed life is definitely known. It is generally asserted, though there is absolutely no contemporary evidence to support the tradition that he was born in Haarlem, and the date of his birth has been variously conjectured from 1635 (which would cause him to have painted his first pictures at the age of twelve!) to 1625 or thereabouts. This last is the generally accepted opinion to-day.

It seems fairly certain, however, that his father, Isaak Ruysdael, was a picture-dealer and frame-maker, and that Jacob himself was originally destined to be a doctor. He is even said to have practised medicine for a time, and to have performed several successful

operations. If this be actually the case, Ruysdael was almost, if not quite, the first artist on record to abandon medicine for art; but he was by no means the last. In our own time, the famous English etcher, Seymour Haden, was a surgeon, and did not begin to etch till relatively late in life. Ruysdael, on the contrary, must have exchanged the scalpel for the paint-brush and the etcher's needle at an early date, having as his master, according to tradition, the painter-etcher of the Italianate school, Nicolaes Berchem.

Whether or not he was actually born there, all Ruysdael's early work was done in or about Haarlem. He entered the Guild there in 1648, but about 1655 he removed to Amsterdam — presumably in the hope of finding a greater number of purchasers for his pictures. That his expectations on this score were disappointed, and that he was far from assuring his fortunes in that city where, in 1655, he obtained his citizenship, seems positive; for, in 1681, having as the result of a serious illness returned to Haarlem, his friends among the Mennonites, of which sect he was a member, made application to the burgomasters of Haarlem to procure for him a place in the local almshouse. There, so far as we can tell, he died on March 23, 1682, on which date the records show "the opening of a tomb for Jacob Ruysdael in the Church of Saint Bavon, on the south side, No. 177. Expense, 4 florins."

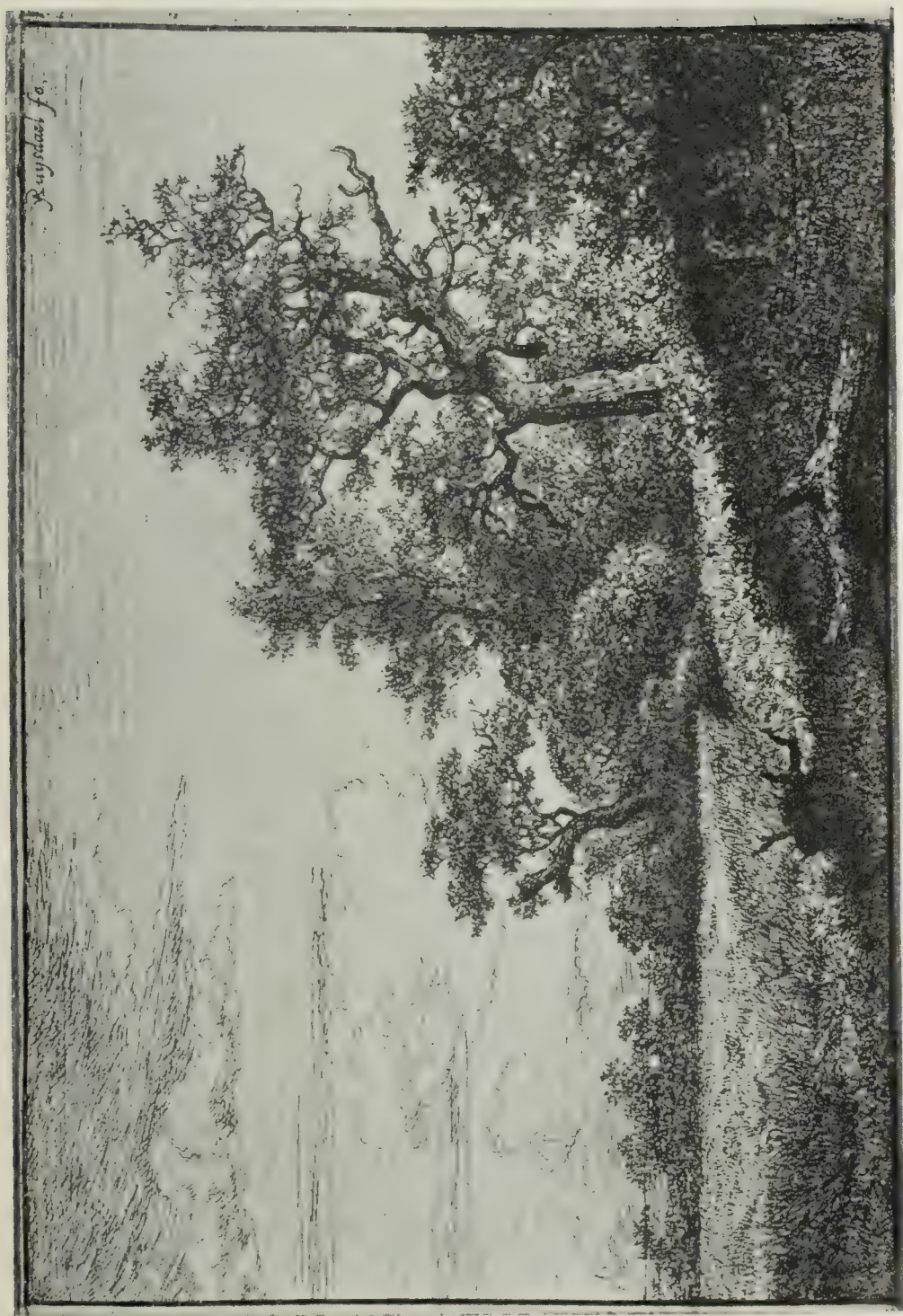
The artist's life was very lonely and laborious, and it is to its somewhat tragic cast that is commonly attributed the spirit of pensive melancholy that pervades his pictures; though this is, to say the least, a rather naïve assumption, and doubtless his expression would have been the same had he dwelt in riches

rather than in poverty. He never married, and for many years he supported his father, the frame-maker, who, on April 11, 1668, signed an instrument ceding to his son all he possessed or hoped to possess in the future, in payment of sums that his son had lent him. To provide for them both, Jacob had to work incessantly, turning out pictures that were little appreciated in spite of the great variety of motive that he introduced into them during the latter part of his life, in order to make them more interesting and readily salable.

“To have a complete collection of this master, representing him on every side,” writes his cataloguer, Dutuit, “one must own a waterfall, the view of a plain, the interior of a forest, and a sea-piece.”

“But where did he find the scenes he painted?” asks the perambulatory heroine of Mr. George Moore’s novel, “The Lake.” “Not in Holland, surely,” she exclaims. “There are no waterfalls nor mountains in Holland, nor, so far as I know, a forest; not a single rough wood did we see.”

So far as woods and forests are concerned, the mystery is easily enough solved; for no doubt, in Pater’s words, “the eerie relics of the ancient Dutch woodland” still existed in Ruysdael’s day. But the mountains and waterfalls have still to be explained, and they have puzzled other brains besides Miss Rose Leicester’s. She hazards the theory that Ruysdael must have gone to Norway to paint, and the suggestion is ingenious, pointing straight to the true solution of the problem; for, though it is fairly certain that he never visited that country in person, he undoubtedly did so through his imagination, stimulated to this flight by the paintings and etchings of an artist who had



RUYSDAEL. THE WHEATFIELD
Size of the original etching, $3\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches
In the New York Public Library

actually been there, and whom Ruysdael found firmly established in Amsterdam, when he himself reached that city. This artist was Allardt van Everdingen.

The story of Everdingen's life is highly colored with the spirit of adventure, in contrast with the dull, drab annals of most of his fellow-craftsmen, with the exception of those who, like Swanevelt, Berchem, Jan Both, Breenbergh, and a few others, went to Italy to study and work. Born in 1621 and planning to become a marine painter, he embarked on a Baltic voyage, at the age of nineteen. The ship was wrecked, and he was cast away on the coast of Norway, where he remained for some time. Returning to Haarlem after four years, he began to paint pictures and make etchings of the wild and romantic Norwegian landscape, for which he had accumulated abundant materials in his notebooks. His success, apparently, was instantaneous, and was repeated in Amsterdam, to which city he removed in 1652. The burghers in both places were fascinated by these representations of a country whose aspect presented such a striking contrast to the flat plains and low dunes of their own Netherlands.

It was of these, under every light, as well as of the encircling sea and the over-arching sky, with its ever-changing cloud-architecture, that Ruysdael had already made himself the master, in a spirit of truth and of poetic insight that had been approached by none of his predecessors. But failure to appeal to the picture-buying public had had its effect upon him by this time; and, in his desperate need of money, he was not proof against the temptation to copy Everdingen, in order to steal a little of the latter's popularity.

"From this period," writes Mr. Binyon, "dates the



RUYSDAEL. THE LITTLE BRIDGE
Size of the original etching, $7\frac{3}{8} \times 10\frac{5}{8}$ inches
In the New York Public Library

lamentable change in Ruysdael's art. The master, whose native independence is so marked that one is at a loss to name his probable teacher,¹ of his own free will and in sheer mortification of spirit at his want of success, forces himself from the meadows and dunes of his delight, and invents, to win the patronage of the rich men of Amsterdam, a Norway of his own. A visit to North Germany, of which there is some evidence, helped his invention. Now begins the long series of waterfalls and pines and torrents so familiar in the picture galleries. It is not on them that Ruysdael's fame rests; on this ground Everdingen, in spite of his inferior merits as a painter, remains his master."²

Fortunately Everdingen's influence did not extend to Ruysdael as an etcher. All the latter's work in this field was done during the early years of his life, while still living in Haarlem, and painting in his simplest, sincerest, and most serious manner. Thus, while his etching is deficient in many technical respects, and may be of interest mainly as an illustration of his painting, it is at least an illustration of this painting at its best, and so bears a direct and significant relation to the essential genius of the artist in whom Dutch landscape painting reached the highest, purest, and noblest levels of its expression.

III

Ruysdael's etchings are few in number. Bartsch enumerates seven only; and though Duplessis increases

¹ The similarity of Ruysdael's later painting style to that of Everdingen led early critics to see in the latter his probable master.

² *Dutch Etchers of the 17th Century*. By Laurence Binyon. *The Portfolio*, No. 21, September, 1895. London.

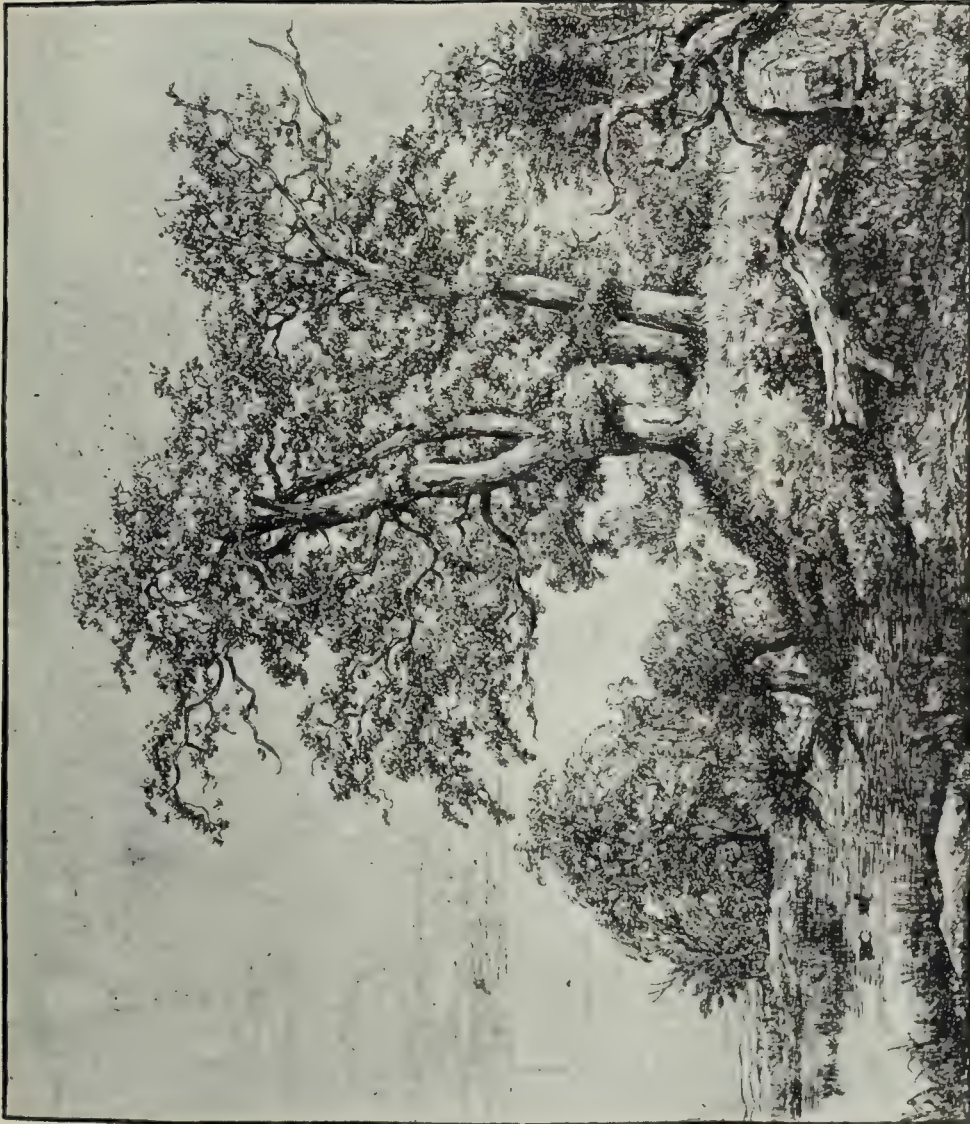
this total to twelve, and Dutuit to thirteen, the additions are mere examples of the master's prentice work. The others are rare also, especially in the first states, in which alone the beauty of the artist's conception is to be fully appreciated; for, in several instances, the plate has been reworked by another hand, and crude, clumsy clouds have been introduced into the sky, intentionally left clear by the artist. "What a satire on this consummate master of clouds!" exclaims Mr. Binyon.

Only one of Ruysdael's finished plates is dated. This is *The Three Oaks*, *The Three Great Oaks*, *The Bouquet of Oaks*, or *Landscape with Three Large Oaks* (B. 6), as it is variously called by different writers, which bears the date 1649. For this reason, and this alone, apparently, it was assumed by Duplessis that it was Ruysdael's first successful etching — the first that he cared to publish — and this assumption has been more or less tacitly accepted by later writers ever since. In our opinion, however, priority seems much more properly and plausibly to belong, on purely technical grounds, to *The Wheatfield* (B. 5). Certainly it is difficult to account for Mr. Binyon's suggestion that this plate alone may be a somewhat later work, coming, not only after *The Three Oaks*, but after all the others. Comparison of the line in *The Wheatfield* with that employed in these others, shows at once how niggling, uncertain, it is, in spite of the rich and warm effect of color achieved through it. Ruysdael's linework reaches its maximum of bold freedom and vigor in *The Two Peasants and Their Dog* (B. 2) and *The Travellers* (B. 4); but, though far less powerful and suggestive in *The Three Oaks*, it has already reached a high point of beauty and balance; and it is making excessive demands upon one's credul-

ity to ask him to believe that an artist like Ruysdael could possibly return to a method so inferior as that employed in *The Wheatfield*, after he had once abandoned this for something better. Even the success in suggesting color is an added support to this view; for color suggestion, in any but a very general and elementary way, is not a primary function of the engraving arts, and the unique insistence upon it, in this plate, merely strengthens the impression that *The Wheatfield* was made while the artist was still experimenting with the new medium, and still under the domination of his aims and methods as a painter.

Indeed, persistence of this same painter-like color quality, and preoccupation with tone and texture, though in a less marked degree, in the plate entitled *The Little Bridge* (B. 1), and particularly in the treatment of the large thatch-covered and ruinous farmhouse, or *chaumière*, which nearly fills the entire left half of the plate, would incline us to place this plate also before *The Three Oaks* in strict chronological order, and between it and *The Wheatfield*. In *The Three Oaks* the preoccupation of the artist is no longer with color, tone, and texture, but with form and structure, and he has already begun to feel out for himself a pure linear technique adequate to express his ideas on these subjects.

At this moment, too, Ruysdael's interest begins to centre more narrowly and exclusively upon trees as his preferred material in the etching medium, and he produced, after *The Three Oaks*, — in precisely what order it is no longer essential to determine, since all share a common motive and method, — the three plates, *The Two Peasants and Their Dog*, *The Travellers*, and

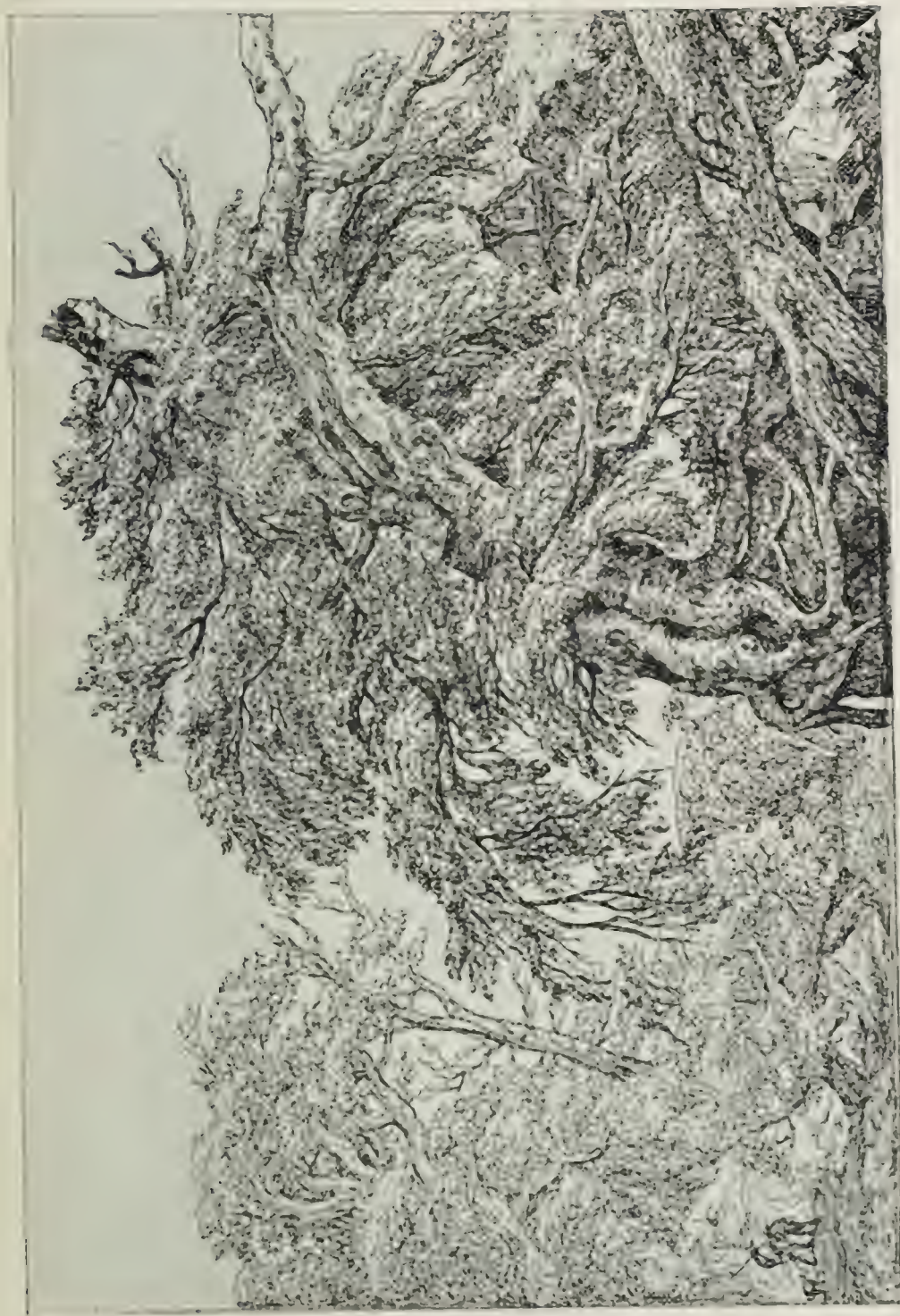


RUYSDAEL. THE THREE OAKS
Size of the original etching, $4\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{5}{8}$ inches
In the New York Public Library

The Cottage on the Hill (B. 3). Of the first, Koehler has given the following just and appreciative analysis and interpretation, which also seems to me to sum up better than anything else in English, the essential spirit of Ruysdael's art as an etcher.

"There is no color in this plate," he says, "and little suggestion of light and shade, while the too obvious division of the landscape into two distances or planes is a positive fault. But the *expression* in the trees, the success with which their character is given, that is to say, the character of trees in general, their sturdiness, the evidence of their battles with the elements, the reaching out of their arms into the air (not merely masses of foliage which hide all structure), the roots as they wind about and cling to the earth, upholding the great masses above them with the strength of a giant—all these tokens of the mysterious inner life of the tree are so forcibly and clearly put down, that they need no further help from color or chiaroscuro."

The Cottage on the Hill, which essays a similar subject, is less successful—a failure, in fact, as compared with the other, through the absence of an equally vigorous or characteristic suggestion of structure in the tree forms, and would seem likely to have been done before *The Two Peasants*, inasmuch as artists like Ruysdael, who are also thoughtful students of their art, make slow but steady progress, and tend to hold their ground once they have gained it. *The Travellers*, however, is a splendid exhibition of Ruysdael's fully developed power to treat his favorite material, and is, all things considered, the fullest, finest, and most effective plate he produced. Not only is it well handled technically, but it is full of the most romantic charm



RUYSDAEL. TWO PEASANTS AND THEIR DOG

Size of the original etching, $7 \times 10\frac{3}{8}$ inches

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

and mystery; so that, as our eye penetrates the twilit gloom of this wild and intricate woodland, where the water stands in stagnant pools among the great roots of the oaks and beeches, superbly characterized, and makes the forest floor almost a morass, we identify ourselves imaginatively with the two travellers who are seen dimly making their way in the middle distance, and share directly in their adventure.

An interesting drawing for this plate exists in the Berlin Museum, and shows us how seriously Ruysdael, in spite of his small accomplishment, numerically, took the art of etching.

"It would be a great mistake," writes Duplessis, "to regard Ruysdael's etchings as simple sketches destined to preserve momentarily the memory of a site before which the painter had stopped for an instant. There is more than an instantaneous impression in these etchings, and an artist no more improvises on the copper such plates as *The Wheatfield*, *The Three Oaks*, or *The Travellers*, than he improvises a painting on the canvas. Just as before deciding to execute the *Buisson* or the *Coup de Soleil*, numerous preparatory studies from nature were indispensable, so in the same way, the artist had to work a long time before publishing etchings treated with this care, this precision."¹

There is another drawing, in Munich, which seems as if it might very well have been just such a preparatory study for *The Three Oaks*. Certainly, in this instance, the artist, in the finished etching, has departed widely from the original study — if such indeed it be — and

¹ *Eaux-Forces de J. Ruysdael. Reproduites et publiées par Amand-Durand. Texte par Georges Duplessis, Conservateur-adjoint du département des estampes à la Bibliothèque Nationale. Paris, 1878.*

it is interesting to note the eliminations and readjustments to which he resorted in order to bring his main tree-mass just where he wanted it on the plate, and to give it salient relief. "With the exception of some works of his earliest period," writes Dr. Bode, "Ruysdael's landscapes are composed, and their inner construction carefully thought and pondered over."¹ This ponderation is particularly evident in *The Three Oaks* — almost too evident, perhaps, so that its palpable calculation takes away something of the effect of force which it ought to give. Still it is a dignified, even noble, composition.

IV

Whichever one may decide, for various reasons, to accept as Ruysdael's first finished plate, final success, as usual, was preceded by a series of experiments and failures more or less complete. The first of all his attempts on copper was, according to Bartsch, that to which he gives the title, *The Brook Running through the Village* (B. 7), and which Dutuit calls *Landscape with Winding Brook Bordered by a Row of Six Willows*. But there is another — *Landscape with Thatched Cottage and Pig-Pen* (D. 9) — which bears the same date — 1646 — and must therefore be permitted to dispute with the former its claim to absolute priority.

These prints are extremely rare, two impressions of *The Brook* having been found in Vienna and Amsterdam, and a unique impression of the *Landscape* in

¹ *Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting*. By Wilhelm Bode. Translated by Margaret L. Clark. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1909.



RUYSDAEL. DRAWING FOR "THE TRAVELLERS"

Size of the original drawing, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{3}{4}$ inches

In the Royal Museum, Berlin

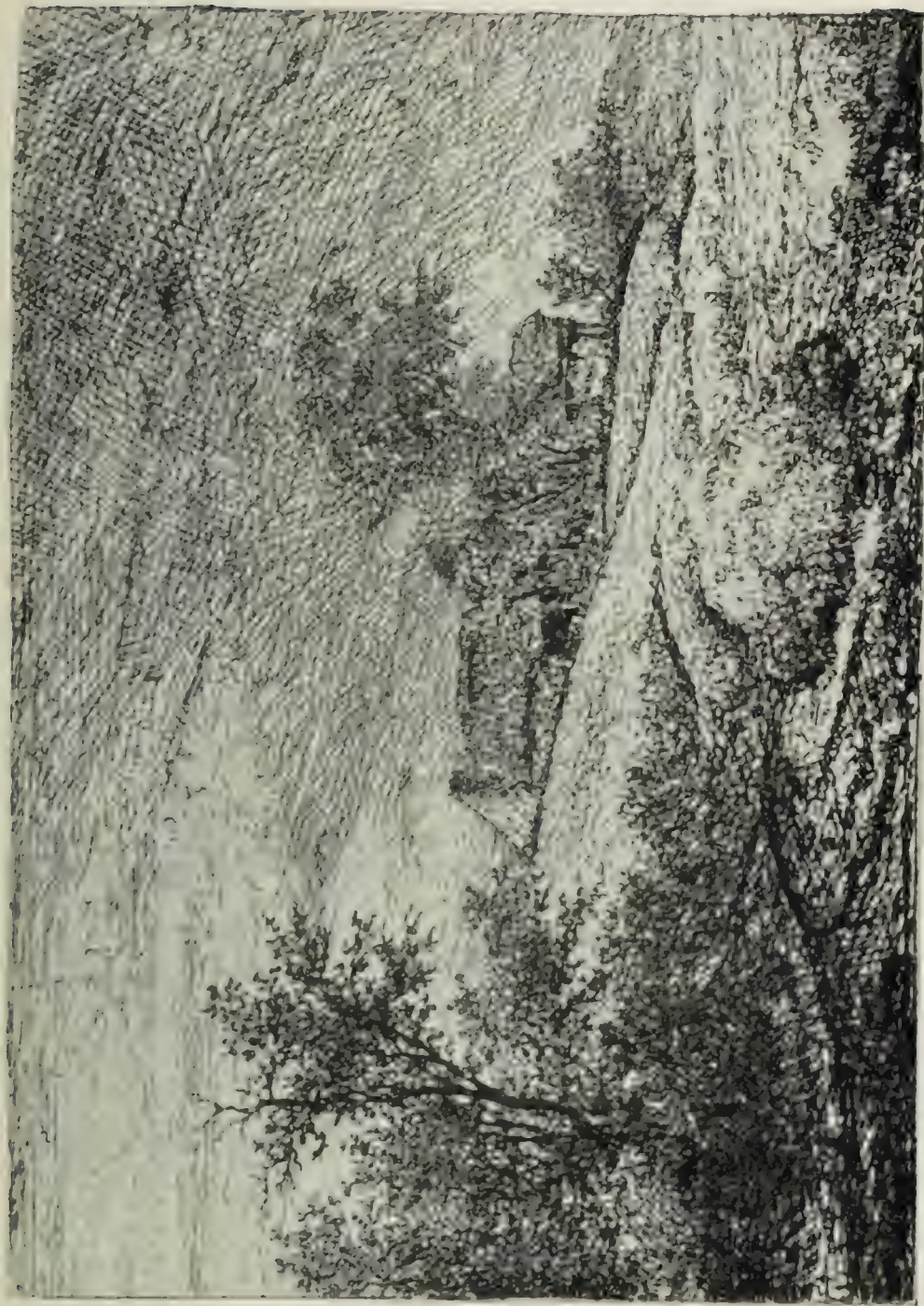


RUYSDAEL. THE TRAVELLERS
Size of the original etching, $7\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

the Museum at the latter place. In both there are unmistakable evidences of inexperience. In the first, for example, the artist, feeling that his foreground was inadequate, attempted to extend it about half an inch. But apparently he experienced such difficulties in joining the new work with the old, that he gave up the task in despair, and abandoned the plate. In the second, an attempt is made to render the tonalities of the sky and the effect of heavy massed clouds, in the spirit of a painter, by means of close hatchings of criss-cross lines, drawn more or less at random. The attempt was unsuccessful, but the plate remains interesting as a precursor for much modern work in the same manner — by such an artist as Rousseau, for example.

Accidents of another sort occurred to mar still a third plate, *Landscape with a Marsh — Pond*, Dutuit calls it — (D. 7), which bears the date of 1647. Having been rubbed and scratched in its most important part — namely, the central clump of trees which, in their mass and contours, suggest those in both *The Three Oaks* and *The Wheatfield*, though technically the treatment is much closer to that in the second — Ruysdael abandoned the plate as ruined beyond repair.

In addition to the foregoing, Ruysdael etched three little plates in the shape of ovals (D. 10, 11, 12), the first two placed the long way of the plate, the third upright. It is interesting to note that, though this little composition, which shows a group of willows beside a brook, is signed with the initials “J. R.,” Bartsch, who had seen only an imperfect impression, with the bottom torn off, attributed it to Everdingen, describing it as No. 3 in his catalogue of that artist’s work, though there is little, surely, in point of style, to warrant such an ascription.



RUYSDAEL. LANDSCAPE WITH THATCHED COTTAGE AND PIG-PEN

Size of the original etching, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches

In the Rijks-Museum Amsterdam

Finally, there is a plate, *A Study of Foliage*, existing in a single impression in the British Museum. It is described for the first time by Dutuit in the "Supplément" to his Catalogue (No. 13); but while he admits that it may be by Ruysdael, he regards this attribution as doubtful. In any case, its interest lies principally in Ruysdael's preoccupation with a particular phase of his favorite subject — fascinating because of the very difficulties attending it. His success has been variously estimated. Bartsch calls Ruysdael's foliage, a "*griffonnement spirituellement confus*, composed of continuous zigzags, which serve marvellously to represent the truth of nature, whose forms ought not to be too clearly determined, if you wish to avoid the risk of falling into what is called *manner*. There is nothing here of so-called *method*, but there is everywhere a rare taste and charm."

Mr. Binyon, on the other hand, feels that Ruysdael "never succeeded in finding a quite satisfactory convention for foliage in etched line," but admits that "his continual feeling after truth of rendering, his sensitiveness, to which the forms of branch and leaf are always fresh and wonderful, make his work always interesting. One has only to turn to the facile etchers of sylvan scenery, Waterloo or Swanevelt, or Van der Cabel, to realize the difference between the man who feels what he cannot perfectly master and the man who has perfect mastery of a facile formula."

V

Comparison of Ruysdael with the greatest of all landscape etchers, Rembrandt, is of course inevitable,

and is none the less interesting and suggestive because the conclusion, to the former's disadvantage, can be foreseen from the first.

"They (Ruysdael's etchings) are remarkable no less for their grasp of masses of light and shade than for truth of line," writes Mr. Hind; "but let the student weigh his appreciation by comparing Ruysdael's *Landscape with Three Large Oaks*, of 1649, . . . which is the very best of his work, with any landscape etching by Rembrandt between 1640 and 1645. The enormous strength and balance of the latter comes out with renewed brilliance in the comparison." ¹

This is quite true, though we should not agree to calling *The Three Oaks* the very best of Ruysdael's work; but it should be remembered at the same time that strength and balance were by no means the qualities at which Ruysdael primarily aimed. What he sought, above all, was a truth and fidelity to nature — to the externals of nature — far more detailed and intimate than we find in Rembrandt, and of an entirely different order. Rembrandt, an intellectual giant, stood, we may say, boldly and unabashed on an equal level with nature, meeting her freely face to face — even dominating her and subjecting her to the yoke of his creative intelligence. For Ruysdael, on the contrary, shy and sensitive, nature was a miracle, a mistress, a mystery, and he brought to the study of her slightest manifestation, a mood of solemn awe, almost of religious worship and elevation.

"So to know nature that we feel one with her," writes

¹ *A Short History of Engraving and Etching.* By A. M. Hind. Of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1908.

Wilhelm Bode, "are irresistibly drawn to her, although this power appears so mighty that it almost crushes us to feel the soul of nature, was granted to few artists, as Hercules Seghers, and above all to Rembrandt. They describe to us her imposing powers and grandeur, Jacob Ruysdael the sublime equanimity with which she compels our submission and quiet admiration."

Dr. Bode is writing primarily of Ruysdael's paintings, but what he says applies with equal truth, in their degree, to his etchings as well. Certainly nobody else — not even Rembrandt — has given the world so profound an impression of the mystery, the aloofness, the remote inner life of nature, in certain aspects, as we get from these few plates which, with all their imperfections, must ever remain among the most interesting productions of the etcher's art.

DRAWINGS FOR CHILDREN BY THE OLD MASTERS

By GEORGE S. HELLMAN

Author of "Original Drawings by the Old Masters," "Drawings by Dutch and Flemish Artists in the Metropolitan Museum of Art," "Drawings by Italian Artists in the Metropolitan Museum of Art," etc.

 HERE is a distinctive appeal to the imagination in the thought that at a time when no children except the little Indians lived upon the American continent, one of the greatest artists among the contemporaries of Columbus was making drawings than which none could be more delightful decorations for the myriad nurseries that gladden the America of to-day. Nor is it alone Albrecht Dürer whose drawings are adapted to such a purpose. Rembrandt, an even more colossal genius, can be put into similar requisition; while the Italian, Flemish and French Schools, as well as the German and the Dutch, offer grateful opportunities to lovers of subjects that appeal to children.

The topic is alluring, but it has so many ramifications that any attempt to cover it in a brief paper were impossible of success. I can only hope to indicate to those who are interested (and who is not?) in the training of their children's faculties of æsthetic enjoyment, a simple, and (at least, here in America) a novel method of familiarizing children with what is, in the final analysis, perhaps the greatest, certainly the most

immediately vital, of all the forms of art. Paintings in which children figure are well known to the general public, and photographs of pictures such as the *Baby Stuart*, by Van Dyck, and the *Broken Pitcher*, by Greuze, hang on the walls of countless American homes. But is it so well known that Ostade, Rubens, Boucher, and other artists of dissimilar but undeniable importance, have left drawings that have in various continental countries been reproduced in excellent facsimile, and that are obtainable at no higher cost than is being paid for the innumerable, and so often ephemeral, children's pictures of our own time?

The great national repositories of drawings by Old Masters are the Albertina Collection in Vienna, the Uffizi in Florence, the Louvre in Paris, and the Berlin, the Amsterdam and the British Museums. Reproductions of those in the Albertina, between fourteen and fifteen hundred, afford an especially wide selection along the lines that we are considering. Such as I have chosen for the rooms of my own children indicate merely a personal preference; but brief notes concerning some of these may suffice to show how rich is this comparatively untrodden field.

In the history of art, the schools of Italy must ever hold first place by reason not alone of their actual accomplishment, reaching their height with Michelangelo and Raphael, but also because the Italian masters left so mighty an impress on the subsequent as well as the contemporaneous work of practically all of Europe. It is, indeed, true that some of the greater of the Dutch and Flemish artists had both the individual and the national genius which led them to remain impervious to, or unmoulded by, the Italian tradi-



RAPHAEL. MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN
In the Uffizi, Florence

tions; but the Italy of the pre-Raphaelites and of the Renaissance remains the towering peak in the range of European art. No less true, however, is it that the influences, ideals, and the classical and religious motives so apparent in the Italians render the area of their work a limited field, as regards the search for drawings to interest the eye or the mind of childhood. The absorption of the earlier Italians in religious themes left them indifferent to the commoner aspects of childhood; the child enters their drawings mainly under the guise of the Infant Christ or the little Saint John, or as cherubs whose supramundane delineation so often renders them remote from the sympathetic understanding of children. When the great wave of classical culture inundated Italy, commingling with the earlier streams of spiritual inspiration, children appeared in the sketches and canvases of the artists as Cupid, and sometimes in fantastic forms that accorded with Renaissance decoration based on mythological design. Childhood in itself was seldom used by painters; rather there were adaptations of childhood for purposes not associated with its immediate life or expression; and in the subsequent degeneration of the religious and classical traditions we find only a disconcerting emphasis on this lack of primary interest, for the purposes of art, in actual childhood.

But while the Italians were so much more engrossed in the intellectual activities and the emotional experiences of the adult mind, we shall, here and there, come across sentient interpretations of children eternally alive, as in drawings by Correggio, studies that despite their relation to the usual idealized cherub forms have a lasting and more human appeal. Raph-



ALBRECHT DÜRER. YOUNG HARE
Size of the original drawing, $9\frac{7}{8} \times 9$ inches
In the Albertina, Vienna

ael's drawings also show delightful figures of children, sketches which have less (one is tempted to say welcomely less) of ethereal feeling than is shown in the children of his canvases; and though the portraits that have added so much to the renown of Italian art are preponderantly those of men and women, now and then we shall meet with lovely portraits of children, as in drawings by Bonsignori, and by Beltraffio, — but even these are little aristocrats, holding themselves with all the proud superiority of their noble elders.

Of course, all children are interested in animals. Almost the first words that we teach the infant tongue, the first picture books that we show our babies, are those of animals; and from the time that the dimpled finger points to the “moo-cow” and the “horsey,” until in later years the menagerie and the circus and animal life in field and forest, as well as in books, stimulate and fascinate the growing mind, the interest continues and increases. Why then, after having selected various studies of horses by Giulio Romano, the favorite pupil of Raphael, should we not have recourse to the most consummate animal drawings that have ever been made, studies of storks and owls, bats, chickens, and even tiny insects, by Dürer; and the magnificent drawings of lions, camels and elephants which Rembrandt, mightiest of masters, drew in Amsterdam, at a time when a passing menagerie aroused the wonder of the little Dutch children? There is no need to seek to instruct our own children, in their early years, concerning the wizardry of line, the almost baffling significance of light and shade, that these pen strokes or crayon strokes of Dürer and of Rembrandt



ALBRECHT DÜRER. THE MADONNA WITH THE ANIMALS

Size of the original drawing, $12\frac{5}{8} \times 9\frac{5}{8}$ inches

In the Albertina, Vienna

reveal to the trained eye. Let but such examples of supreme art surround the children, and, without any formal teaching, they will react in their own way, in the course of their enjoyment getting on intimate terms with the great masters whose full significance they are all the more likely later to appreciate, and in whose works they are all the more likely to become interested, in view of such early associations. I know a little girl whose first recognition of art came when she pointed to a wild hare, that Albrecht Dürer drew in the year 1502, and when the baby gleefully exclaimed "Bunny!" she had bridged more than four centuries with a cry of childish enjoyment. And if I were to select the loveliest drawing that could be found for a child's room, I should unhesitatingly choose Dürer's drawing of *The Madonna with the Animals*, a picture that combines the human, the divine and the natural in a composition of manifold charm, though not without childish crudeness. In this drawing, so delicately colored with greens and grays and pinks, the child itself may be allowed to find the dogs, beetle, snail, darning-needle, cockchafer, frog and crab; the owls and swans, the parrot and the stork; the ram, goat and sheep that surround the shepherds to whom the Angel of the Annunciation brings his wonderful message; and far in the background the little horses with their riders setting forth on some adventure of war or chivalry. In the centre foreground is seated the Virgin; yet this is no idealized conception as in Italian art, but a loving mother, who holds in her left arm the Infant Christ, here so thoroughly a human infant. He leans over to pluck a flower, — a normal fulfillment of a child's desire in this place of flowers, where hollyhocks, peo-



REMBRANDT. YOUNG ELEPHANT

Size of the original drawing, $9\frac{1}{4} \times 13\frac{3}{8}$ inches

In the Albertina, Vienna

nies and irises perfume the air with all the graciousness of summer. What a world of delight this is for any child, whose imagination can be carried far afield in every direction, — by the river and the ships, the town and hills in the background, the trees and the clouds, and the clear Star of Bethlehem shining in the sky! The critic could write a volume on this drawing; but all the significance that it has for the adult mind can be postponed to later years, while the child is left to revel in the immediate appeal of its animals and flowers, and in its easy points of departure for the stories and legends based on the figures contained in it.

Of the Northern schools, the Dutch was most intimately in touch with the life and customs of the people, and among the drawings particularly of Adriaen van Ostade there are many which depict pastimes whose representation children can enjoy. Two that come immediately to mind are a skating scene where the stolid little figures are replete with the enjoyment of this favorite sport of Holland, a land whose many waterways explain the national devotion to the pleasures that the ice affords; and another drawing called *Players at Ninepins*, also a favorite pastime with the seventeenth-century Dutch. Savery, a contemporary of Ostade, has left several delightful skating scenes, in some ways of finer quality though less forcefully expressive than those of Ostade; but as far as bowling is concerned there could be few more interesting pictures to show American children than this one in which so much more is depicted than the game itself. Of course, all children would enjoy the drawing, but I have said "American children," because the picture is associated in my mind with that most



ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE. PLAYERS AT NINEPINS

Size of the original drawing, $10\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{3}{4}$ inches

In the Albertina, Vienna

delightful story, delightful alike for children and for "grown-ups," which the gracious pen of Washington Irving immortalized under the title of "Rip Van Winkle." We are brought by this drawing into touch with those Dutch forbears who accompanied Henry Hudson on his voyage of discovery, and the echoes of whose game at ninepins still roll down to us from the Catskill Mountains. Legends and history, can, in due time, be recounted to the child with such a drawing as a stimulant to his interest, although it will be quite enough for him in the beginning to see the game of the bowlers; the little boy with hoop and stick, accompanied by his dog; the chickens feeding at the door of the cottage at whose threshold stands a mother holding her baby; the perhaps itinerant violin-player, and all the other amusing little figures in fore- and back-ground. The bundles of hay hung up to dry, and the two beehives will be further objects of interest in this happy scene of peasant life.

We have noted that the commoner aspects of life were seldom the themes of Italian artists, and that where they depicted children they often allowed either a spiritualized adaptation or a decorative classical interpretation to interfere with verisimilitude. The Dutch, with their passion for realism, swung too far in the other direction, and it must be admitted that the children in the drawings and paintings of Ostade and his school are of very earthy a mould — squat, thickset, impish-featured little boys and girls, all too obviously the offspring of boors and peasants. They evoke the sense of humor; they are alive and natural; but theirs is never that incomparable grace which is among the fairest charms of childhood. If we turn to



PETRUS PAULUS RUBENS. RUBENS' SON NICOLAS

Size of the original drawing, $10\frac{1}{8} \times 9\frac{5}{8}$ inches

In the Albertina, Vienna

the drawings of one who is in many ways a pre-eminent figure in the record of Flemish art, we shall see how Rubens, no less essentially a realist than Ostade, achieved in his drawings of children that loveliness which is absent from the Dutch school. His exuberant genius found outlets in every direction and he was at home among kings and princes, although he ever looked upon the rank of the artist as higher than that of the noble and the diplomat. One recalls the answer that he made to a distinguished Englishman, who, on visiting him at his studio, said, "His Catholic Majesty's ambassador amuses himself sometimes with painting." — "I sometimes amuse myself with being an ambassador," was the answer of Rubens, intent on "raising the dignity of the arts above the pride of diplomacy."

While mythological and historical subjects, landscapes and genre, flowers and fruit and other objects of still life, and animals in profusion were among the themes of Rubens' brush, it is his portraits that make the most permanent appeal to us, and of these portraits none are more delightful than the drawings of his own children. Indeed, it were difficult to find a lovelier series of children's heads than those he made of his little boy Nicolas, his second son. There are five of these in the Albertina Collection, studies which show the boy at ages varying, say from two to fifteen or sixteen years of age; though the shape of the nose in the last drawing leads one to conjecture that the authorities at Vienna were at fault in calling this a portrait of Nicolas. The first drawing, with all the charm of babyhood, is one of the supreme instances of Rubens' draughtsmanship, successful beyond praise in the modelling of the face, the swift and beautiful treatment of



NICOLAS COCHIN II. THE HAPPY MOTHER
In the National Museum, Stockholm

the hair, the consummate seizure of the child's expression. Yet equally remarkable is the sanguine drawing of the little Nicolas with a large cap on his head. Here it is an entirely different expression, but how thoughtful and appealing a one the father has caught!

With the French drawings of the eighteenth century, we enter a realm of unparalleled loveliness from the decorative point of view, and here we shall find many pictures that will appeal to the eye of childhood. The obvious criticism of eighteenth-century French art is that by reason of its very decorativeness it is untrue to life; a class phenomenon, the product of artists whose patrons had false standards and who were caught up in all the artificiality and superficiality of the period that preceded and made inevitable the French Revolution. Granted; but the decorative loveliness remains. And so we shall find in the drawings of Watteau, of Boucher, of Huet, of Chardin and their fellow-artists the charm that persists even after our recognition of the limitations imposed by a social class that laid such undue emphasis on the accessories of life. The children that these men depicted are the very antitheses of the children shown in the drawings of the Dutch realists. Even in the delineation of the lower classes, as, for instance, in Cochin's drawing of a peasant mother with four infants, refinement is exaggerated, while the cupids and angels of Boucher, the most decorative of achievements in this field, show in their curves and dimples, and in the effect of rosy flesh, a prettiness which is rather that of the eighteenth century school than of the childhood of all centuries. But why let the critic's attitude interfere with our en-



FRANÇOIS BOUCHER. THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

Size of the original drawing, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches

In the Albertina, Vienna

joyment of what is in itself delightful? Consider the two school scenes by Boucher, in one of which the young schoolmistress, having disciplined one little boy, is about to apply the rod to another. In the second drawing, a young schoolmaster is preparing for similar castigation, this time with a little weeping girl as the victim. One questions whether schoolmaster and schoolmistress ever resembled these two charming young persons, both of them so attractively clad, both of them with such refined, lovely faces. Nor do we believe for a moment that they had such angelic little pupils, so compact of curves and graces. But all this is apart from the enjoyment inherent in these drawings as pictures for a child's room; and apart, too, we must insist, from their value as regards æsthetic training; for beauty is of many kinds, and although as human documents they are misleading, as examples of composition and of draughtsmanship they are masterly.

From among the drawings of Chardin one might select his picture of a mother reading a letter while the little daughter is seated on a foot-stool, playing with a toy wagon; and another drawing of a bootblack, with his stool slung over his left arm, a dog standing near him. In the first of these, we have much of that inimitable charm which France of the eighteenth century connotes; while in the second, the artist has made, it would seem, some attempt at realistic portrayal, but has only partially succeeded, giving his bootblack fine locks of hair that do not accord with the broad nose, and allowing the delicate tints of the cheeks to show through the veil of grime. So, too, we perceive in such a drawing as Huet's pastoral scene, where the shepherdess and two children are the human elements, and



JEAN SIMÉON CHARDIN. THE LETTER

Size of the original drawing, $9\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{8}$ inches

In the Albertina, Vienna

a cow, dog and four sheep the animals, this same element of decorativeness interfering with that truth to character which stamps the highest art. This shepherdess, after a day's work among her flock, could not possibly have looked as she does in this drawing, and these are not rustic children who play beside her; but what a lovely picture it is, for all that!

The sentiment which affected the art of these French masters was, I have said, a class sentiment. The frills and furbelows of fashion interfered with their vision; the naked facts of life interested them less than the costumes in which life paraded. A sentimentalist of another type, who on account of his great appeal in the representation of child-life must not be omitted from this record, was Greuze. In his drawings of children, there is apparent a sympathy which at times flows over into mawkishness; though, we shall find moods, very tender, very appealing, which do belong, however rarely, to the experiences of childhood; and he portrays doubts, hesitations and reluctances, such as we do not meet with in the work of the earlier eighteenth-century artists. Let us consider three drawings that are well adapted to the walls of a child's room. The first is merely the head of a little girl, a splendid crayon drawing, where the expression is combined of wistfulness and nobility, such as we all have seen at times, seen perhaps with the baffled eyes of the adult whom life may have robbed both of wistfulness and nobility. In the second drawing, *The Young Musician*, where the mother is instructing her son, the little boy's expression shows how weary he is, and how far afield his thoughts are roaming from the work at hand. His very pose is that of lassitude, and we feel



JEAN-BAPTISTE HUET. SHEPHERD'S CHILDREN

Size of the original drawing, $15\frac{1}{8} \times 21\frac{3}{8}$ inches

In the Albertina, Vienna

sorry for the little chap and wish the study hour were ended. In the third drawing, *The Happy Mother*, six children are surrounding their mother, three of them clinging to her, kissing her on brow and cheek and hand, in a kind of gleeful play, as if each were trying to outdo the other.

Greuze died in 1805, and thus with him we round out the eighteenth century. This is assuredly as far as we here may go without transgressing upon the title of this paper; though great is the temptation to a nearer approach to our own days, with all that the nineteenth century, especially in England, offers in the lovely delineation of childhood. Yet, before placing the final mark of punctuation that shall close so frail an essay, one more thought arises, imperatively demanding recognition. Is it not true that, apart from the obvious interest for children of many of these drawings which we have considered, drawings are in themselves that form of art most immediately related to the earliest interpretative impulses of childhood? Every child loves to draw. A pencil and a sheet of paper are his delight, long before he can pronounce words correctly, or use with swiftness and steadiness his little limbs. And why do artists always enjoy the drawings made by children? I think it is because the child has achieved the measure of things as they appear to him, a much more vital revelation than the measurement of things as they actually are. I think it is because the artist recognizes in the drawings of children the charm of the unsophisticated, the immediate. How suggestive should be for the over-exacting, the over-erudite critic, the points of resemblance that may be found in, say, drawings by Rembrandt, or by Rodin, and by children not yet in their



JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE. HEAD OF A CHILD

Size of the original drawing, 14 × 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches

In the Albertina, Vienna



JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE. YOUNG MUSICIAN
Size of the original drawing, $13\frac{1}{8} \times 10\frac{5}{8}$ inches
In the Albertina, Vienna

teens. We need not pause to discuss the crudeness of the untrained youngster, a quality different, of course, from that seeming carelessness of the great masters, which is rather carefreeness than carelessness, having as its basis the firm substructure of knowledge. What, rather, we would, not without wonder, dwell upon are those swift reactions of the untrammelled vision (in one case, by virtue of genius, in the other, unconscious), which, alike in sketches of great masters and of little children, bring us refreshingly into contact with the primary, the genuine, the elemental in art.



SANDYS. ILLUSTRATION TO "HARALD HARFAGE"

FREDERICK SANDYS

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

Author of "William Blake," "Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Illustrator,"
"The Rossettis," "Adolf von Menzel," etc.

O assume to "discover" Frederick Sandys at this late day would, of course, be absurd; nevertheless, as a figure in art history he cannot be said to press upon the imagination of the public with any degree of insistence. Although he lived to see the early years of the present century, he belongs to the nineteenth century as completely as any one of the Pre-Raphælite Brotherhood, of which he was not a member but with which he repeatedly has been identified. He possessed more than any other illustrator in the group surrounding him the style of his period undiluted by personal emotion.

Sandys was born at Norwich, England, in 1832, four years later than Rossetti and two years earlier than Morris, growing up in an atmosphere of strife between classic and gothic such as every century knows somewhere in the course of its history. He began favorably and mildly by getting his portrait of Lord Loftus hung at the Royal Academy before he was twenty-one. He seems to have depended upon local teachers for his instruction in art. The account of him in Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" contains denials of certain reports of his having worked under either Richmond or Lawrence or having felt to any degree whatever

the influence of Menzel. When he came to London he copied pictures in the National Gallery. During the thirty-five years following his first exhibit at the Royal Academy he placed nearly fifty pictures in the exhibitions of that conservative institution and also a number at Grosvenor Gallery, reaching a still larger public with his illustrations in the "Cornhill Magazine," "Once a Week," and "Good Words." About 1880 Alexander MacMillan commissioned him to make portrait drawings of the eminent people whose books the firm published, and these also had a considerable popularity. When, in 1904, he died, William Rossetti appended to his obituary notice of him in the "Athenæum" a rather long list of articles previously written about him in various periodicals. His name, however, rings with no such familiar sound in the ears of the modern reader as the names of Rossetti, Millais, Hunt, or those of many of the minor artists of the time.

In the matter of drawing he was of high competency. With characteristic abandonment to generous fervor, Rossetti called him "the greatest of living draughtsmen," and if he was not that he at least had a searching pencil and a clear dispassionate vision. The lack of passion is, indeed, what chiefly differentiates him from the romantic Pre-Raphaelites. He presented romantic material with that fusion of the real and ideal by which we recognize the classic in art. He painted Arthurian subjects as he painted Cassandra and Penelope, without a quiver of emotional response to the spiritual drama involved. No Attic sepulchral slab could more definitely illustrate the establishment of the type as opposed to the individual.

He had also a Greek appreciation of physical beauty.



SANDYS. JACOB HEARS THE VOICE OF THE LORD
Size of the original wood engraving, $7\frac{3}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches
In Dalziels' Bible Gallery, 1881

When the Brothers Dalziel wrote to him for some drawings for "The Biblical Life of Joseph" he replied with a letter that illumines for us the attitude he took toward work of this sort. "It requires an immense amount of research," he says, and continues: "I am coming to town in a week to make some drawings at the British Museum from the Marbles, and to get some Jewish dresses, — can you help me here? I am doing all this that I may thoroughly, or as far as it is my gift, make myself to be acquainted with Jews and Egyptians — to know all that is characteristic and beautiful and avoid all that is hideous. Millais' *Moses* is not a bit what I want — it is not a Princess, a daughter of Pharaoh, he has drawn."

Dalziel's note to this letter is, "Unfortunately Sandys never sent in one drawing for the Book," so we may assume that in this case he was unable to set reasonable limits to his thoroughness.¹ His work throughout shows close archæological study. The *Cleopatra* drawn for the "Cornhill Magazine," which Dalziel praises for its "dignity and grandeur of design," is a notable illustration of his zest for "making himself acquainted with the Jews and Egyptians." Only from a mind filled with pictures of characteristic ornament, could he have contrived such an amplitude of authentic detail as he has put into this full, but well balanced and logical, composition. Here, also, we find Greek influence in the beauty of the forms. There are no meaningless folds in the long, fine robe defining the majestic figure of the queen nor is there any meticulous modelling to interrupt the flowing contour of the strong arm and hand.

¹ The well known and very fine *Jacob Hears the Voice of the Lord* was made for Dalziel's Illustrated Bible and published in Dalziel's Bible Gallery.



SANDYS. ILLUSTRATION TO "CLEOPATRA"

Size of the original wood engraving, $6\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$ inches

From the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1866

If Sandys found his model for Cleopatra's crinkled draperies, astutely arranged to give the impression of quiet simplicity, in the "Marbles" of the British Museum, he may have gone to the same source for the drawing of *The Little Mourner* in Routledge's volume of "English Sacred Poetry." The figure of the child digging in the snowcovered graveyard is a plastic conception in which not a trace of the baroque can be discovered. The round young body is clothed in garments incapable of fluttering in the most unkind of winter winds. The muscular young arms show the reaction of their splendid sinews to the grip of the hands on the spade. Even the landscape background incredibly suggests temple architecture and antique symmetry. Of the sentimental little subject the artist has made the most sternly unsentimental transcription.

The energy in repose of this drawing is repeated in the illustration for George Withers' "Life's Journey," in the same volume, but in the landscape of the latter is more of the punctilious Ruskinian spirit, into which Sandys has infused something of the life of nature which Ruskin himself asked for from his favorites. His big tree springs from the earth into which its great roots have plunged with the upward push of the growing thing rich in the vital principle. This vitality appears in every blade of grass and stalk of weed or bush. Where the leaves of the low-growing plants curl over it is a vigorous and not a languid curve, and the figure of the bending man is powerful to raise itself erect again and lift the stricken wanderer to "bear him home" as the poem dictates.

A similar abundance of natural detail appears in his *Amor Mundi*, the original drawing for which is repro-



SANDYS. THE LITTLE MOURNER

Size of the original wood engraving, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches

From *English Sacred Poetry*, 1862

duced in Mr. Pennell's work on "Pen Drawing in England." The lines illustrated are from Christina Rossetti's poem, —

"O what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?"
"O that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term."

Sandys gives the sense of the August weather and the joyous lilt of the proud lovers on the downhill path. He shows the same regard for precision of statement in his rendering of the lush growth of the hollow in which the body lies, and of the insects and birds and reptiles clustering about it, as in the rendering of decorative patterns and antiquarian ornament. It is interesting to compare the reproduction of the original drawing with the reproduction of the woodcut in Mr. Pennell's book, noting how much of the delicate distinctness of the drawing is lost in the cutting, the characteristic feeling almost disappearing with the blending and blurring of the sharply accented detail.

It is in this intensity of attention to objective truth, this scrupulous regard for exact transcription, that Sandys, with his firm and fearless draughtsmanship, draws close to the Pre-Raphaelites; nor does he altogether fail, despite the clean precision of his definition to meet the test intelligently set by Ruskin to distinguish the true Pre-Raphaelite from the false. "The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature, in the position and at the distances which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them with all their details as if seen through a microscope. Examine closely the ivy on the door in Mr. Hunt's picture, and there will not be found in it a single clear outline. All is the most exquisite mystery of



SANDYS. STUDIES FOR "AMOR MUNDI"

"O what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?"

"O that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term."

color; becoming reality in its due distance. In like manner examine the small gems on the robe of the figure. Not one will be made out in form and yet there is not one of all those minute points of green color, but has two or three distinctly varied shades of green in it, giving it mysterious value and lustre. The spurious imitations of the Pre-Raphaelite work represent the most minute leaves and other objects with sharp outlines but with no variety of color, and with none of the concealment, none of the infinity of nature.”¹

This is Ruskin at his best, his discriminating vision at work and his mind moving along simple paths, and the test prescribed leaves Sandys in a different compartment of art history from that occupied by the original Brotherhood. Sandys was in no sense an imitator of the Pre-Raphaelites, having too scornful a mind for imitation, and his clean-cut method was his own. Still, his detachment from his subject matter did lead him toward the limitations of a merely sound technical ability, innocent of the peculiar passion of insight by which a greater master enters his subject and reveals it, one may say, from within. Any artist who is not chiefly a decorator is something of a mystic. Sandys was chiefly a decorator. In the illustration to Christina Rossetti's poem the mystical element so characteristic of the poet and so winsomely expressed in the word picture is entirely absent. The lovers, except for their costume, might be a pair of young gods on Olympus. Everything human is alien to them. Rossetti, Millais, or Hunt would have emphasized their human potentiality for suffering.

This pagan detachment is seen in all the work produced by Sandys, from the simplest of his portrait draw-

¹ *Modern Painters*, Part V, Chap. IV.



SANDYS. ILLUSTRATION TO "THE DEATH OF KING WARWOLF"

Size of the original wood engraving, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches

From *Once a Week*, 1862

ings to his most elaborate composition. Mystery is no part of his intention, and mysteries of vision and feeling alike are dispersed by the cold clarity of his intellectual process. His treatment of his subjects was dictated by an inner preference for balance, order and calm. In his large forms he omitted details that interfered with a conception of beauty nourished by his acquaintance with Greek subjects, and he balanced the serenity of these by a multiplicity of small closely observed accessories which were not allowed to interfere with the vision of the whole. His rhythms and balanced masses produced an effect of immobility even when he was depicting violent action. Therefore he must be regarded as even more a decorator than an illustrator.

His excellent divisions of space into agreeably related shapes, his clear comprehension of simple linear balance, his lucid and harmonious composition, all speak of a natural decorator. He was a decorator who invariably illustrated rather than expressed emotion. That was his quality. Percy H. Bate, in his account of the Pre-Raphaelites and their followers, defines it happily: "Frederick Sandys strikes a note that Rossetti never did, the Wagnerian note of the tragedy of heroes almost superhuman, elemental." The poignancy of bitter personal human grief is that which Sandys omits from his tale of love and woe. His Medea clutching in anguish at her beads as she weaves her enchantments, fails to make an impression of suffering. Nothing suffers in his art, and the observer is left free to enjoy the powerful execution and the abundant illustrative material without experiencing either æsthetic or associative emotion.

There is compensation in this calmer delight. The ar-



SANDYS. ILLUSTRATION TO "ROSAMOND, QUEEN OF THE LOMBARDS"

Size of the original wood engraving, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches

From *Once a Week*, 1861

tist's treatment of hair would alone serve to occupy a mind not too deeply enlisted by realities. Few have drawn hair with such appreciation of its beauty. In the *Mater Dolorosa* it crinkles in little curls on the forehead, flows in crisp waves about the face, and the crossed hands clasp it to the breast it covers as a garment. In *Miranda* it is flung over one shoulder in a heavy curling mass. In the *Red Cap* it breaks bounds in short bewitching waves and tendrils. Even the portrait studies in which the original hair obviously is of the tamer kind, show it whispering and hinting of wild escapes toward wave and curl. The light flickers on it, hesitates, lingers, flashes. The shadows are dense and define its mass. Beautiful as it is, however, it is coldly and impersonally observed, a just judgment and not an impassioned eulogy. The little pale strands floating across the high foreheads of the Flemish Primitives have more power to stir the sources of feeling.

In all accounts of his life the story is told of his clever satire of Millais' Academy picture of 1857 — *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*. His brilliant drawing represented Millais, Rossetti and Holman Hunt riding upon a donkey inscribed "J. R. Oxen" and intended to represent Ruskin. This was a jibe at the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and more especially at Ruskin's support of its principles. It fairly typifies Sandys' attitude toward all organizations and their friendly supporters. The composite character of his art is dominated by an impersonality so extreme as to become practically a personal and distinguishing trait. He could not so greatly admire as to lose his critical temper of mind.

Sandys employed simple methods of a kind easily understood by the public. He has described the way in



SANDYS. THE NIGHTMARE
A satire of Millais's painting "Sir Isumbras at the Ford"
Drawing in pen and ink upon a zinc plate

which he set to work at making a chalk portrait. "I first faintly outline the features, and then, very lightly, with cotton wool, I put a flat even tint, over the whole face. It is something like a flat wash in water-color only there is a *little* more color. Then only do I begin to work up the features, with black and an ordinary red chalk only." This peaceful process naturally permitted much of the first sharp impression to evaporate from the artist's mind, and it is not surprising that his friendliest critics lay more stress on the refinement and precision of the execution than upon the vitality of the physiognomy in these chalk drawings.

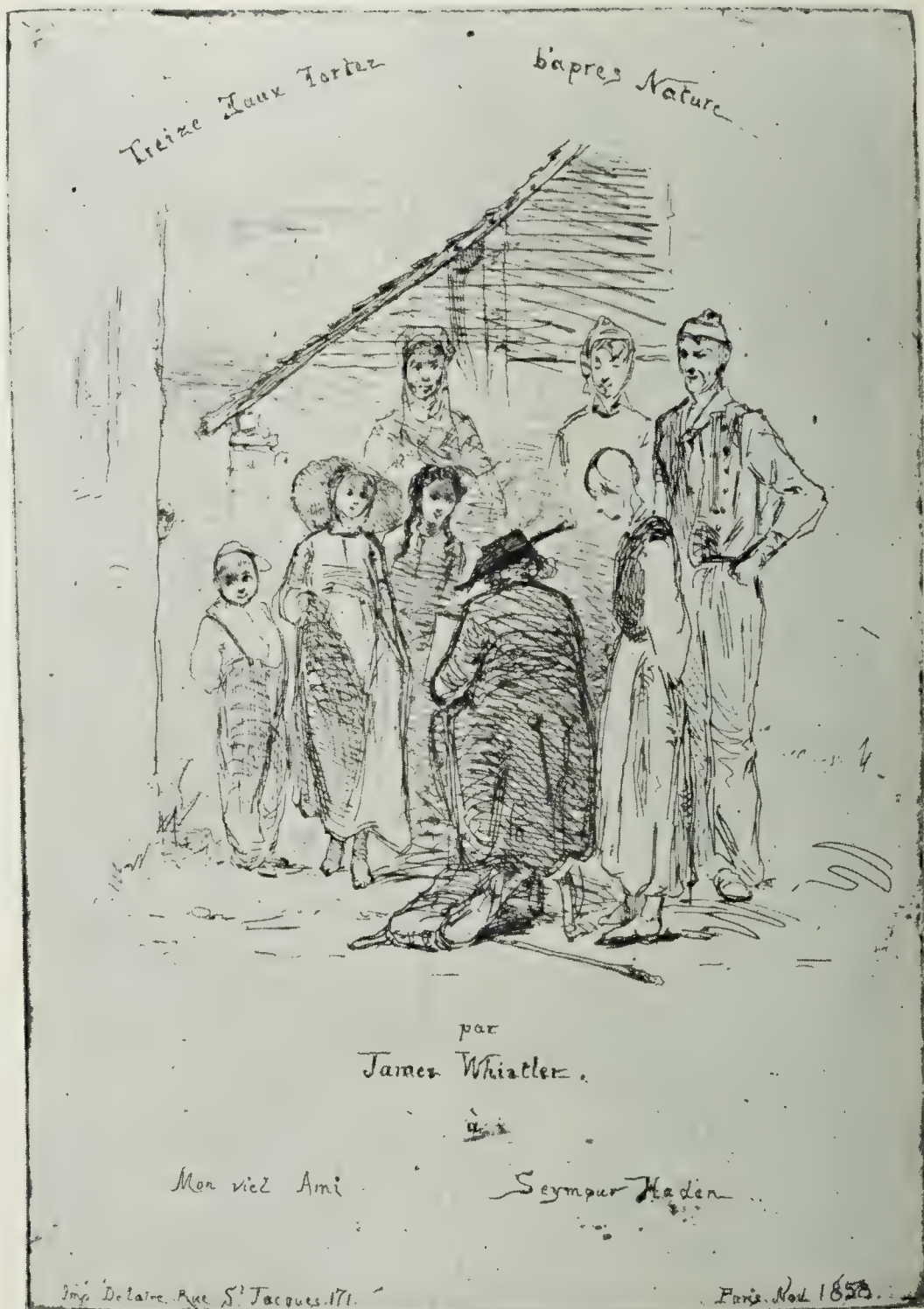
The method in his woodcuts is more direct and vigorous. After making his preliminary drawing in pen and ink on millboard, he worked directly on the block, drawing his design line by line with a fine brush and Indian ink. His work was admirably adapted to reproduction, and though his fame has been said to rest upon his portraits it is hardly probable that they will keep his memory fresh so long as the illustrations. Although he noted fine points of character his tendency was to ennoble common forms and thus destroy idiosyncrasy. He had much in common with the French artist, Alphonse Legros, and would have been capable of a draughtsmanship no less broad had he received the austere training of a French craftsman. As it was he remarkably demonstrated the ability of a classic mind to work within the limitations of a romantic school. The supernatural Chinese educator of the reign of Huang-Ti bade his pupils who sought to learn the secret of immortality to keep their minds supreme and not to waste their vitality or fail to control their thought. Sandys obeyed this teaching.

TWO UNPUBLISHED WHISTLERS

By CAMPBELL DODGSON

Keeper of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum.

HE British Museum received, in December 1916, two gifts which are likely to interest the readers of this review. Both of them are unrecorded minor works of Whistler. It was a great surprise to find in a parcel of French etchings of small value, chiefly by Lalanne, which a visitor brought in one day, a wholly unknown early etching by Whistler, as fully authenticated by signature and date (1858) as one could wish any etching to be. The reproduction shows at once what it is: a rejected first attempt at the title to the French Set, for which the well-known etching of the same subject, treated differently and oblong in shape (Wedmore 20, Kennedy 25), was afterwards substituted. It contains the same elements as the published title, a group of French lads and lasses watching the artist as he sketches, but they are differently combined, and some adults are also present. The artist, wishing to conceal his identity more effectually than by merely wearing a wide-brimmed hat, has turned his back to the spectator. The three young people to the left of the artists form a charming group; the rest of the figures are somewhat *gauche* and lanky. The inscriptions are just the same as on the published plate, except that "*Treize eaux-fortes*," instead of "*Douze*" are announced, the title itself being reckoned among the etchings which compose the set, whereas afterwards it was not



WHISTLER. TITLE TO THE FRENCH SET
 Size of the original etching, $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{16}$ inches
 In the British Museum



WHISTLER. THOMAS WAY. NO. 3
Size of the original lithograph, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches
In the British Museum

counted as belonging to the number. Several letters in the inscription, it will be noticed, are etched in reverse, and this may have been a contributory cause of the rejection of the plate, though the principal reason, no doubt, was Whistler's dissatisfaction with the composition on purely artistic grounds.

The impression, probably unique, though more cautiously described by some former owner as *très rare*, is beautifully fresh and well preserved, with a narrow margin. It is in dark-brown ink, nearly black, with some tone left all over the surface, and printed on a substantial white paper. The shape of the plate is irregular; it varies in height from 154 to 156 millimetres, and in width from 106 to 107 (size, in inches, about $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $4\frac{3}{16}$). The etching, which belonged to the late Mr. Dennis Paul, of Leicester, was generously presented to the Museum by his family, after its great interest and rarity had been pointed out to them.

Another scarce Whistler item, which may fitly be recorded at the same time, is an impression from an unpublished and cancelled lithograph, which is a third portrait study of Thomas Way, belonging to the same set as Nos. 107 and 108 of the catalogue of lithographs. It is not there described, and is supposed to exist in no other state, the work having been cancelled on the stone. Two impressions, at least, are known, which came to light at the sales of the collections of the two Ways, father and son respectively. One of these impressions, from the late Mr. T. R. Way's collection, has been given to the British Museum by Mr. Harold J. L. Wright. It is on India paper, measuring $8\frac{3}{4}$ by 6 inches, laid down on plate paper, and the actual size of the work is about $6\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 inches.

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Old carved Spanish chest	- - - - -	<i>G. C. Williamson</i>	42
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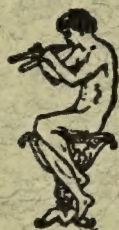
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